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THE WIZARD

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THE WIZARD

Published semi-annually by the students
of the Burbank Junior High School
Berkeley, California

Volume 13 Number 1

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Oakland Estuary

Tetrico

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Note: Quotations on bottom of pages are from George Washington

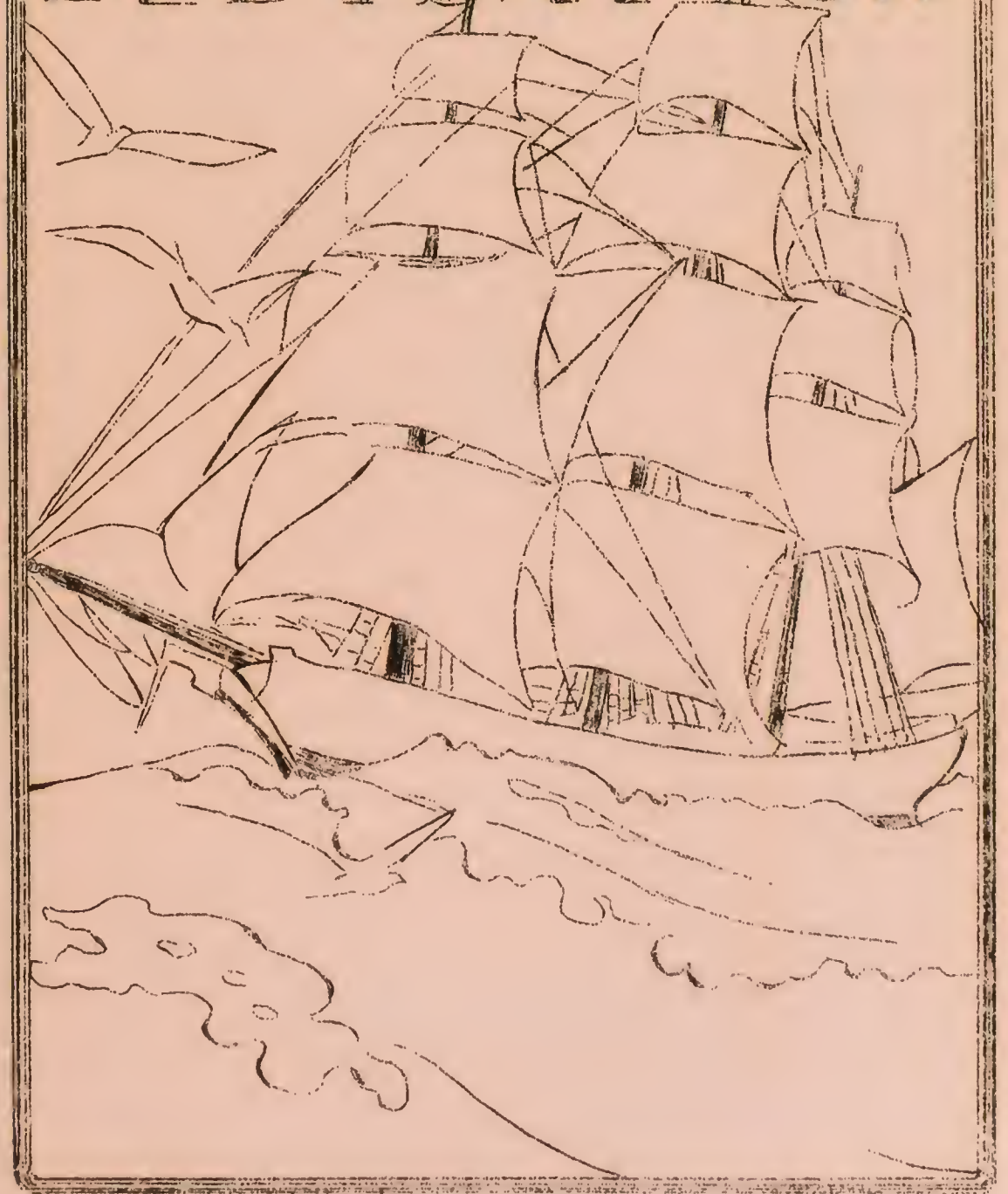
****

Art. . . . . .Miss Santos' Classes
Photography
Snap Club, sponsored by Miss Glover, assisted by Mrs. Most
Typing, Stenciling, Mimeographing
Mrs. Tomsen's typing classes
Photo-engravings Mr. Morley, Phoenix Engraving Company
Printing Judd's Print Shop

Great George Washington,
Ever so true,
Our Wizard, in tribute,
Remembers you.
Gallant you were and
Enshrined in our hearts will be.

Willing to serve
And to sacrifice,
Sharing your fortune,
Helping everywhere, you gave your all.
In all of our history
No other more
Glory can win.
To you our book we dedicate,
Offering our gratitude
Now in memory of you.

DEDICATION



Clipper Ship, Full Sail Ahead.

Margaret Bertin.

View of San Francisco Bay from the Berkeley Hills. Sheridan Stone.

President Boys' Association.	Winston Churchill
Vice-President Boys' Association	Maxwell Booth
Secretary Boys' Association	William Anagnos

President Girls' Association	Katie Santos
Vice-President Girls' Association	Ruth Kroll
Secretary Girls' Association	Miye Kojaku

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Claire Weidinger	H9y'	George Peterson
Theda Humphrey	H9y"	Anthony Riggio
Maxine Hamilton	H9z	Gilbert Segura
Inez Kosty	L9y'	Herbert Faulkner
Mildred Becker	L9y"	Kenneth Matheson
June Dixon	L9z	Nick Kondeff
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Fern Brabandt	L7y"	George Williams
Bernice Passet	L7z'	Joe Carlevaro
Olga Biagi	L7z"	Jack Young
Nancy Bonnano	S7G....S7B	Marvin Atchinson

BURBANK COURT

Chief of Police	Harold Bergeron
Bailiff	Ransom Drisdale
Filing Secretary	Inez Kosty
Recording Secretary	Lila Kesti
Judge	Mr. B. K. Farnsworth

Principal	Mr. L. L. Standley
Secretary	Mrs. Eila Smith
Counselors	Miss Glover, Mrs. Golden, Mrs. Tomsen
Attendance	Mrs. Rhodes
School Librarian	Miss McAllister
School Nurse	Miss Ericksen

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Mrs. Mead, Miss Robinson, Mrs. Stewart
Miss Streightif, Miss Truman, Mrs. Waugh

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Miss Robinson, Mrs. Stewart, Miss Streightif
Miss Truman, Mrs. Waugh

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Mrs. V. Martin, Mrs. Mead, Miss Robinson
Mrs. Skimmings, Miss Truman, Mr. Wolfenden

Science. . . . . Miss Cameron, Mr. Farnsworth, Mr. McDermont

Latin. . . . . Miss D. Martin

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Activities Coordinator . . . . . Miss D. Martin

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GIRL RESERVES, Miss Robinson; GIRL SCOUTS, Mrs. Stewart
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JUNIOR RED CROSS, Miss Cameron; ORCHESTRA, Mr. Saulsbury
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P. T. A., Mrs. Waugh; SENIOR GLEE CLUBS, Mrs. Rhodes
SNAP CLUB, Miss Glover; STAMP CLUB, Miss McAllister
STUDENT COUNCIL, Mr. Frick; STUDENT COURT, Mr. Farnsworth
TUMBLING CLUB, Mrs. Murphy

WIZARD

Mrs. Skimmings, Miss Santos, Miss Streightif, Mrs. Tomsen

STUDENT COUNCIL

Fisherman's Wharf San Francisco — Tony Sanchez

THE HISTORY OF THE WIZARD

Back in 1907, the San Pablo Avenue School, or the Pioneer School as it was called, had a magazine named THE VOLUNTEER. The next year, the school was renamed the Franklin Lower High School. This was the beginning of the popular junior high school plan and Berkeley has the distinction of being the first city to reorganize its schools on the six, three, three, time allotment for the grades, first through twelfth. Mr. James T. Preston was the principal of the Franklin Lower High School, and our own Miss Santos was one of the pupils.

In 1916, the present plant of the Burbank Junior High School was built. March 23, 1916, was "Moving Day" for Mr. Preston, part of the Franklin faculty and the children in the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades.

The first WIZARD was published May, 1916 and contained just sixteen small printed pages. The name was selected to honor Mr. Luther Burbank, the plant wizard.

The first mimeographed WIZARD was made December, 1917. Small sheets of blue paper with a darker blue cover, were used. The foreword was: "The present WIZARD is a chronicle of the school life for the term ending December 1917. The cover design, the various articles written, the typing, the stenciling, and printing were all done by students of the school. This is the paper's excuse for being."

We have grown since our first edition, but we have never changed our idea that the book should be an expression of pupil activity: that the work of all departments should integrate. Hence we find the composition work, the art, the typing, the stenciling and the mimeographing are all the work of the pupils. Our latest achievement has been the introduction of amateur photography, that work also being done by a group of pupils known as The Snap Club.

The budget for the WIZARD depends upon subscription sales collected before the work on the books begins. The only expense to the school is for stencils and ink for the mimeograph.

English teachers have alternated being in charge of the literary content of the book. At present, it is thought desirable for an English teacher to keep the literary editorship for two consecutive terms, beginning with the spring semester. The art teachers take turn about in supervising the drawings. The typing teacher has charge of the mechanical details.

Literary Editor. . . . . Elsa Schlafke
Business Manager David Lowe
Assistant Business Manager Alex Marshall
Art Staff Seventh Grade
H9 Snap Club Charlotte Andersen, Katie Santos, Helen Withrow

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H9y'	Vernon Hansen	L8z'	Robert Greer
H9y"	Welma Luoma	L8z"	May Lueckfeld
H9z	Dorothy Conrad	H7y'	Arthur Belmont
L9y'	Iola Murchio	H7y"	Lorraine Schott
L9y"	Lillian Clute	H7z'	Virginia Rapetti
L9z	Jean Campbell	L7y'	Lucille Flaming
H8y'	Vivian Lee	L7y"	Elmer Stark
H8y"	Irma Nemo	L7z'	Rosetta Moherter
H8z	Julian Holback	L7z"	Lillian Facobs
L8y'	David Bryant	O7B	Walter Whiteside
L8y"	Caroline Hill	O7G	Georgetta Bria

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Paul Bertlin, Emil Bonkofsky, Robert Christopher, Edna Collins
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Bernard Liebscher, Robert Lindberg, Margaret Lucy
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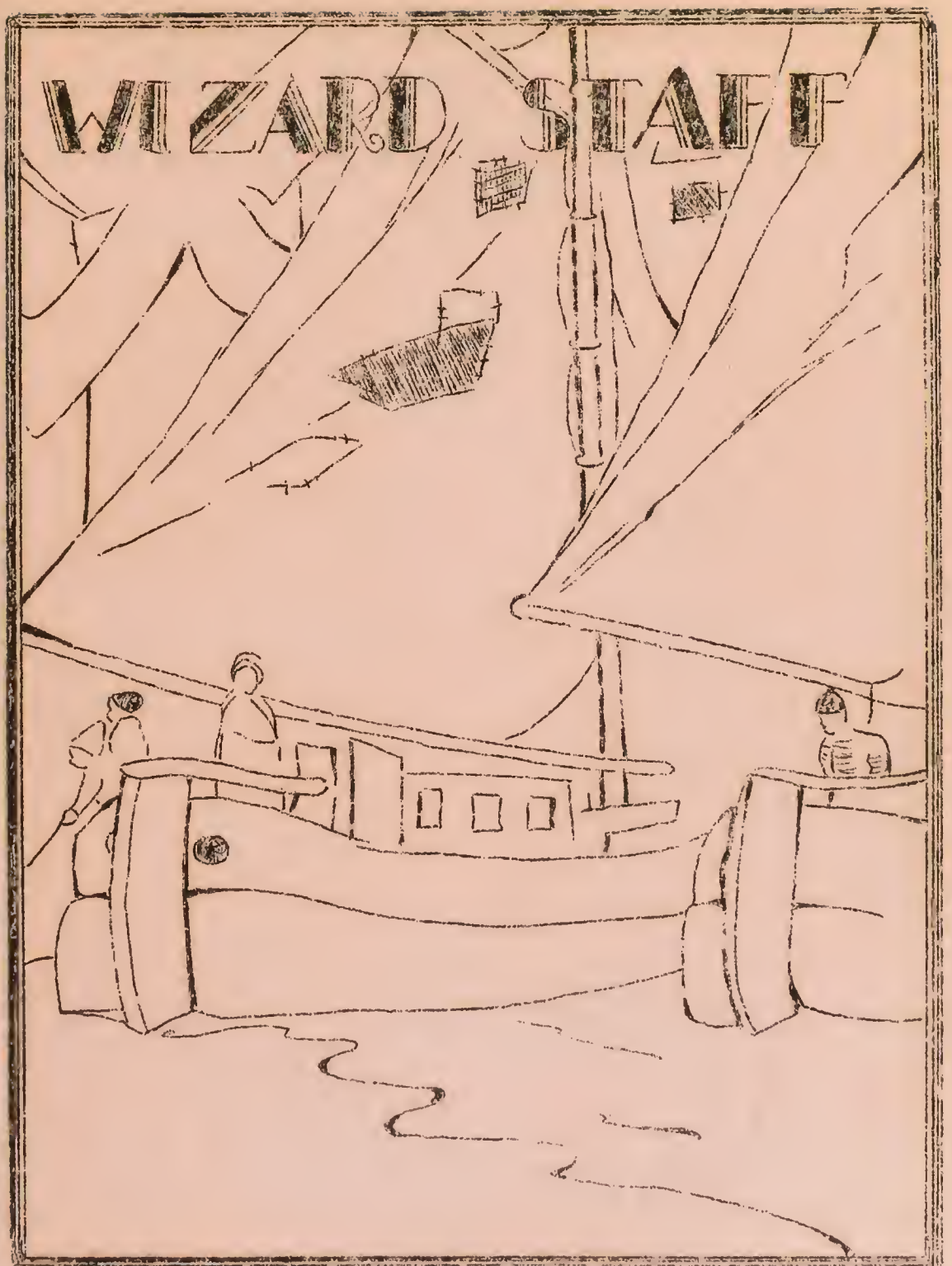
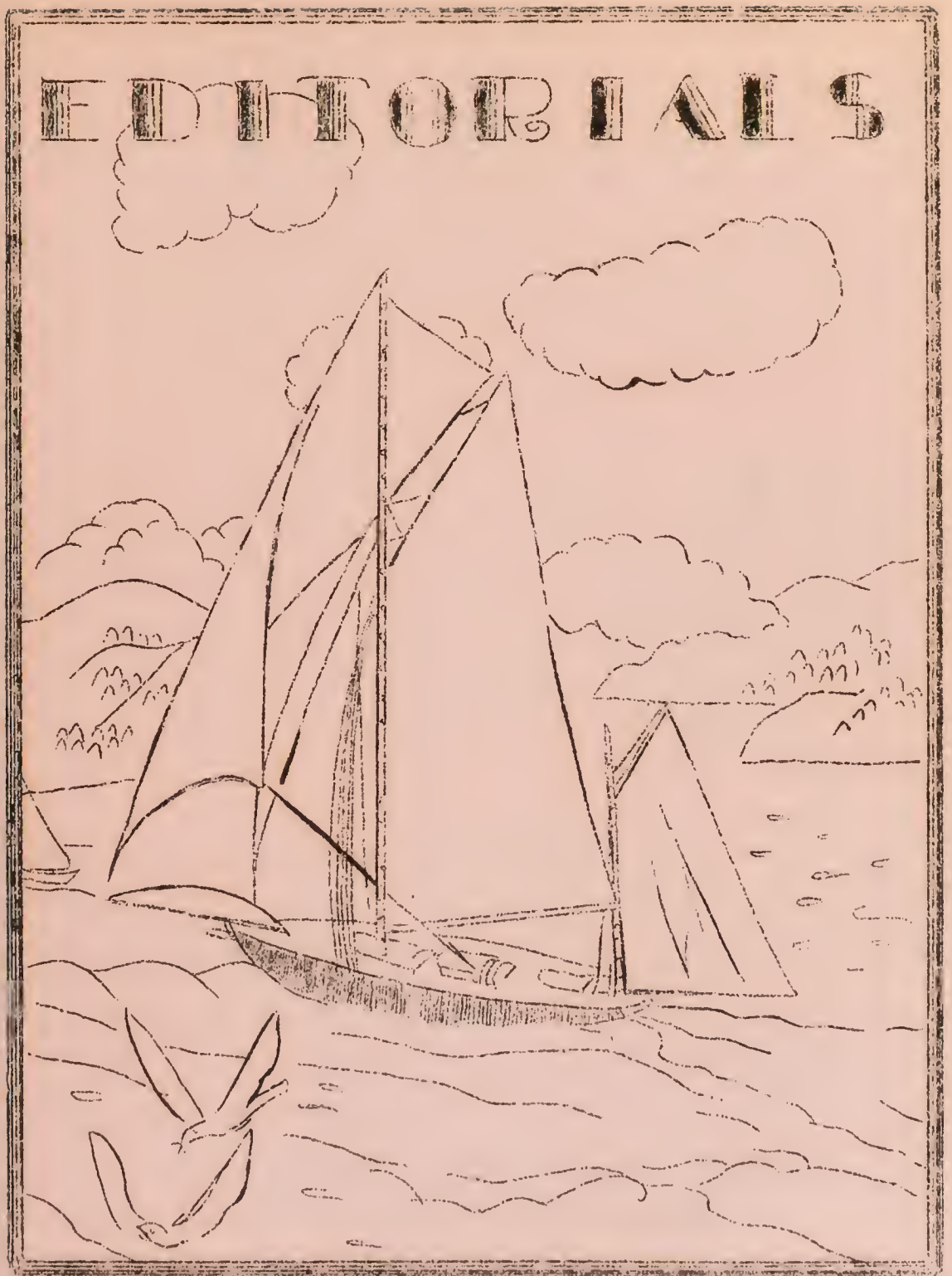
Dorothy Marlowe, Elve Nylund, Aina Poyry, Anthony Riggio
Mildred Royeton, Katie Santos, Jean Shirley, Gilbert Segura
Julie Siren, Joseph Texas, Edythe Vetter
Daniel Wilkman, Helen Withrow, Pasqual Zulaica

FACULTY COMMITTEE:	Literary	Myra I. Streightif
	Log of the Term	Frances C. Albee
	Humor	Marion Athearn
	Art	Louisa Santos
	Photography	Virma M. Glover
	Subscriptions	Jean E. Skimmings
	Manager	Mary M. Tomsen



Strange Ports. Hisako Akagi

EDITORIALS



Yacht Harbor, Sausalito. Frank Kirby

WASHINGTON

Why is it we're still celebrating Washington's birthday after two hundred years have passed? Why didn't we forget him soon after he died? The reason is: Washington was a good, true man--the kind of man our country needs more of. He did things for his country, did them without delay. He is one man who will always live in our hearts as well as our memories. There are very few men equal to Washington, but if we children live lives half as good as Washington's, our nation will be proud of us, too.

--Lorraine Schott H7y"

CONDUCT

Do you behave as you should on every occasion, at school as well as at any other place? At school your conduct should be such that the rest of the school may be proud of you. If a few people are disorderly it spoils the reputation of the whole school. People form an opinion of you by the way you control yourself. You should never speak so loudly that you disturb others. The problem of self control is one which only yourself can remedy. Try hard to set a good example and not lower other people's opinion of you or your school.

--Elsa Schlafke H9y'

TRUE COURAGE

The WIZARD class just received an editorial from the Burbank Junior High School in Houston, Texas. Their paper is called the WIZARD, too! A statement from one of the editorials was, "Anyone can do wrong but it takes courage to do right." If you should go home and find some small article lying in front of your house what would you do? Temptation is a great thing. You might become attached to this article immediately. Of course you would not like to give it up. It would be easy to keep it, and it might make you happy because you found it; but think of the person who lost it. It might have been very valuable to him and to you it is only an eyecatching trinket. Why not get up courage enough to give it to the person, or find means by which to give it to him? You can do

well without it. If you start keeping small things you find you may end keeping large and very valuable things. Don't start wrong practices. Have you true courage?

--Jeanne Campbell L9z'

THE VALUE OF WISDOM

The price of wisdom is above rubies: a statement to be found in the Bible, Job XXVIII:18, is very true. One would rather have wisdom than any ruby in the world. Why? Because wisdom is not only worth more mentally, but it is worth more than its weight in gold. If you had the rubies and lacked the wisdom you would soon lose all and have nothing. So make use of your school education; learn, work to learn; then someday you will realize what your education has, or would have, done had you applied your whole mind and thought to it.

--Dorothy Conrad H9z'

SELF CONTROL

Self control makes you stronger, more able to face facts as they are, and it makes you happier in many ways. You can gain self control if you try and work hard at it. If you are weak and give in at every little thing you lack self control. Do you lack self control?

--Irma Nemo H8y"

THE SILVER "B"

Upon entering Burbank many of us say, "Why work for the Silver 'B' now? The time we receive it is yet three years away." True; but do you ever think that upon entering Burbank that we are either forming or not forming the foundation which is needed to obtain the Silver 'B'? We advance until we have reached the ninth grade, and then we finally realize that if we are to receive that "B" we had better work. At that time it is too late, and we are just trying to get something we know we don't deserve. If we want the "B" we should work for it so we will be able to say honestly that we earned it.

--Frank Wells H8y'

GRADUATES

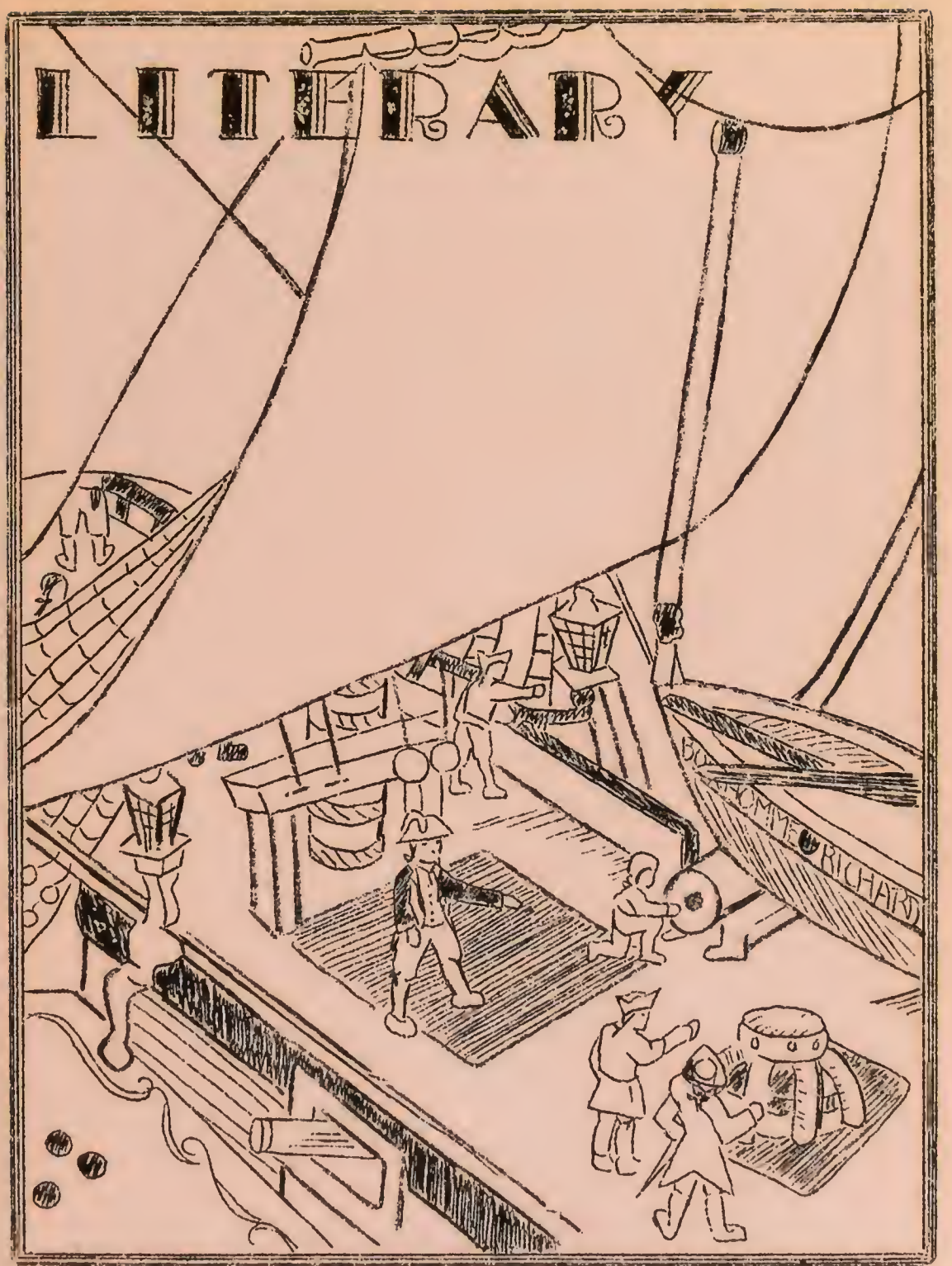
President Washington entering New York — Louis Ramirez

William Anagnos Harold Bergeron Maxwell Booth Paul Cho
Winston Churchill Ransom Drisdale Laila Kesti Miye Kojaku
Ruth Kroll Bernard Liebscher David Lowe Mildred Royeton
Katie Santos Elsa Schlafke Lucile Wilson

Vincent Accurso Kenchi Akagi Pauline Allwein Charlotte Anderson Ethel Anderson Virginia Arcieri Emma Berndt Paul Bertlin Emil Bonkofsky Philip Christiana Robert Christopher Anthony Cianciarulo Edna Collins Dorothy Conrad Howard Corley Virginia Corso James Cosenza Ursula Donohue George Donovan George Duesdieker Teddy Dundas John Encalada Joseph Ferreira David Folliard Lillian Fox Nancy Geraci Frank Gimbel Jeanette Glandon Olive Gray Maxine Hamilton Vernon Hansen Robert Hernandez Florence Hoeth Joseph Hogan Arnold Holmes Theda Humphrey

Dale Ingham Gerald Johnson Lester Johnson Geneva Johnston Joe Kajfez Miland Kappadahl John Lake Elmer Larsen Muriel LeStrange Robert Lindberg Leonard Lindstrom Margaret Lucy Anna Luna Welma Luoma Claire Mahler Dorothy Marlowe Marion McWalters Grace Medes Alvin Mello Frank Mendes George Mroczko Robert Murden William Murphy William Napoli Elve Nyland George Peterson Marguerite Porter Anna Poyry Evelyn Ramos William Rehmus Anthony Riggio Jean Sale Gilberto Segura Edward Shafer Jean Shirley Joseph Silva

Julie Siren Helen Skoverski Max Steiner William Swift Patricia Szopieray Paul Szopieray
Reynold Thompson Edith Torrey Clifford Tracy Lucille Verdon Edythe Vetter Joseph Viale
Claire Weidinger Bessie White Daniel Wilkman Helen Withrow Mabel Young Pasqual Zulaica



John Paul Jones prepares for a sea fight — Edna Gardiner

WASHINGTON'S LIFE

Washington was born February 22, 1732. All through his life he had a superb physique and has been called by nearly everyone the "Father of His Country," a title that fits him perfectly.

He first came to notice at the age of sixteen. He went on a trip into the wilds of Virginia with Lord Fairfax, who was of great prominence and had a decided influence on Washington. All through the trip Lord Fairfax noticed the coolness with which Washington faced all dangers that arose.

Five, and six years passed; and George was twenty-two. He was given the task of keeping the French from encroaching too far into Virginia. His first real trial came when he met the French at the Great Meadows in a skirmish that caused no little comment. It showed that Washington still had to learn much concerning war matters.

For the next fifteen years Washington took little or no active part in public life; but when the trouble with England broke out, Washington watched with no little apprehension, the things that were happening. When Congress asked him to be Commander-in-Chief of the army he accepted; and all through the strife he carried the brunt of most everything with his head up and like a true "Father of His Country".

Soon after the Revolution he was elected first President of the United States and because of his superb traits of honesty, fidelity, courage, and righteous judgment we shall forever remember this rare kind of hero who led our country to freedom.

Washington returned to Mt. Vernon in 1797. He lived about two peaceful years with the people he had loved so well. In 1799 he became severely ill and lay in bed in pain. Sometime before he died he said that he couldn't live long. He also said that he was not afraid to go because he had done his share in the world. A little later he said he felt himself going. He thanked his family who were beside him for their kind attention. He died on December 31, 1799,-- the last day of the eighteenth century. He was buried in the family vault so that Martha Washington could see his grave from her window.

--Max Booth H9y', Roy Saarni H8y', Phyllis Helston H7y'

"My policy has been to cultivate peace with all men."
"True friendship is a plant of slow growth."

WASHINGTON'S PHYSICAL APPEARANCE

Washington was six feet two inches in his stocking feet. His hips were not small, although his waistline was. He was an erect man, but slightly sloping in the shoulders. His strength was in his legs and he held the broad jump record of twenty-three feet until only a few years ago. His feet were very large. His hands were exceedingly large. Lafayette said they were the biggest he had ever seen on a human being. A horse couldn't over-throw him because he would lock his legs around the horse's sides and squeeze him to death. His hair was inclined to be sandy when young, but turned brown when he was older. His forehead sloped slightly forward. His eyes were a dark blue, but some say they were a cold gray. His nose was pointed and broad across the bridge. His cheeks were high and prominent like the American Indian's. They were also hollow. He had a mole in the cheek near the right ear. His face was pock-marked from smallpox. Before he died he weighed two hundred thirty pounds. --Audrey Donohue H7y'

PICTURES OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

Judging what George Washington really looked like from his portraits might be as good a subject to debate as any, were it not for the life mask made by Houdon. There have been countless modelings, engravings, drawings, and paintings of our first president, and there have been more than forty life portraits of him. The resemblance between them is such that they suggest a Jekyll and Hyde mystery. The life mask that Houdon made at Mount Vernon has given later artists an authentic model and it forestalls all doubts as to whether the one cent postage stamp is a good likeness.

Among the portraits which will be seen in the National Historical Loan Exhibition, through the courtesy of their owners, is one by Robert Edge Pine owned by Greenville Kane of New York, and a miniature one by Charles Wilson Peale of New Haven, Connecticut. This miniature is at present at the Metropolitan Museum of Arts.

The portrait of George Washington by Gilbert Stuart, is known as the "Athenaeum Portrait". Gilbert Stuart, the American artist, won celebrity in Europe at the age of twenty by

making portraits of kings of England and France. Stuart made this portrait from life at Philadelphia in 1796. He also made two other portraits of Washington, and this one, the last, was considered the best by both Washington and Stuart. This portrait remained in Stuart's possession until his death in 1828. The portrait was then put into the Boston Athenaeum and later transferred to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. It is a popular likeness of the Father of Our Country and represents truly the man who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen". During the time of this portrait, Washington was the victim of slander and ridicule because of ambitious politicians; in fact, it is reflected in a certain sadness in his face. These politicians have long since been buried in oblivion, while Washington's fame has grown. This portrait has been copied on the present one dollar bill, and has been used on other bills in the past. It has also been used on the twenty-five cent United States postal stamp.

There are people who point to the picture "Washington Crossing the Delaware" in scorn, because they say the flag in the picture was not adopted until about a year after the event was described. They also say George Washington would have had more sense than to stand up in the boat. Emanuel Leutze, the artist of the picture, was a Swiss who came to this country to take up historical painting. Other people think differently and feel that "Washington Crossing the Delaware" was a great lesson in art and should not have been removed from the walls of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and stored in the cellar. William Sloane Coffin, the new president of the museum, said that the painting was the size of a twenty-four sheet billboard and was removed so that another exhibit would have room. He said the old painting will be replaced for the public to view again at the museum's exhibit in Washington.

The Williams picture of George Washington attracts much attention. In 1793, the Lodge in Alexandria, Virginia, requested General Washington, the President, to sit for the picture. When he consented they employed Williams, of the city, to execute the work. It is a flesh-colored pastel, and is pronounced by critics of superior quality. It is the only picture from life showing Washington in extreme old age and Masonic regalia. The Lodge has been offered one hundred thousand dollars for the portrait but would not part with the treas-

COSTUMES OF WASHINGTON'S TIME

The costumes of Washington's time would look very odd if we were to wear them now.

The ladies of his time were very dainty, and wore very beautiful clothes with long skirts and sleeves.

The men would indeed look odd to us. They wore swallow-tail coats of many different colors; tight, short, knee pants, and long white stockings.

If we should see the soldiers of his time with their brightly colored uniforms and their three-cornered hats, we would think we were at a circus or play.

The government men wore all black suits, with long swallow-tail coats, and large lace ties.

We look upon the people of Washington's time as odd-looking people, but if they were to see us now, they would probably think of us in the same way. --Sheridan L. Stone L7y'

S. Stone

THE FIRST HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington was born in an old farm house in Wakefield, Virginia, on February 22, 1732. The house was a queer, two story structure with a queer slanting roof. On the ground floor were four large rooms. At either end of the house, built outside, were two big fireplaces built of stone. The house had a lovely garden growing around it. There were many flowers of all kinds in this garden. Small George loved his home with its surroundings. He spent many happy days in this old home.

--Ruth Clark H7y'

MOUNT VERNON

Mount Vernon is located in Fairfax County, Virginia, about fifteen miles from Washington, D. C.

Lawrence Washington was the first owner of Mount Vernon and he named it after an English admiral under whom he had served. After the death of Lawrence, George's half brother, George became the owner of Mount Vernon.

George Washington extended the boundaries of his land until they included almost eight thousand acres. In 1776 he enlarged his house by increasing its height and length. One of the rooms he added was the library and he designed this room for his study. The banquet hall was added in 1776 and this completed the enlargement of his house at the time.

On the second floor of Mount Vernon there are six bedrooms. Five of the bedrooms contain but little original furniture but all the articles are of historic importance. Washington's bedroom is the most interesting one of all. His personal belongings add much to the character of the room.

The only interesting room on the third floor is the bedroom of Mrs. Washington. The other five rooms on this floor were used for guest chambers.

The buildings on the outside of Mount Vernon include the family kitchen, the smoke-house and the larder, the spinning house and the servant's quarters. The oldest building in the yard is the barn. It was erected in 1733 by Washington's father and the bricks of which it was constructed were brought from England. The coach horses and saddle horses were kept in this barn. South of the house, overlooking the river, is the

summer house, and below it Washington kept his deer.

The portico is another feature of Mount Vernon and it extends the full length of the house and its roof is held up by eight wooden columns reaching two stories. Standing on this porch one may see a beautiful view of the Potomac.

The ideal spot of the Mount Vernon estate is the beautiful flower garden. Many of the original trees planted by Washington still border the driveway. The grounds at Mount Vernon testify to Washington's great love for trees, shrubs, and flowers. Washington invited many distinguished guests to help him plant trees on the grounds.

Washington laid out the Serpentine Road, a driveway enclosing the west lawn known as the Bowling Green, which circled by the flower garden up to the entrance gate.

After the death of Washington, Mount Vernon was inherited by his relatives but finally, under the leadership of Miss Ann Pamela Cunninghan of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, the house was restored and preserved as a public museum.

George Washington's tomb still stands in the quiet beauty of Mount Vernon, and no one approaches this spot except with reverence and affection. --Dorothy Larripa, Eva Fehr L9y'

THE KITCHEN AT MOUNT VERNON

Let us visit the old-fashioned kitchen of Martha Washington where, long ago, meals were prepared for this great household. Her kitchen is famous for its products of good old Virginia cooking. The crane still hangs in the great fireplace and the brick oven is in a state of good preservation, but the culinary art is no longer practiced here. Vegetables are seen drying above the fireplace. Logs are burning in the fireplace and the andirons are complete. The floor, which has been stained, is made of brick. On the wall is a rack where one may see pewter dishes in rows of different sizes. Pewter dishes much like those used in the famous Mt. Vernon kitchen are now sold in the large stores throughout the country. They are both serviceable and reasonable. This kitchen is set apart from the rest of the house by an archway through which the servants carried the food to the family dining room.

The kitchen of today is very different from that old kitchen of Martha Washington. Nowadays the kitchens are tint-

ed in light shades and are made as attractive as possible, for the housewife spends much of her time there.

The housewife of today expects her kitchen to be well equipped with all modern conveniences such as the electric range, refrigerator and so on. Everything is so arranged as to save time and steps in preparing the meals. Neat patterned linoleum takes the place of the old brick floor. This modern kitchen is indeed a lovely place and sometimes meals are eaten in the cozy little breakfast nook in preference to the dining room.

WASHINGTON THE BOY

George Washington, from early boyhood, led an active life in the open air, and was ready for any task calling for bravery and endurance. He was the son of a well-to-do Virginia planter, but he never enjoyed the soft life of luxury. His father died when he was eleven years old. In school Washington was good at figures, but his spelling and grammar were bad. At the early age of sixteen he was engaged by an English nobleman, Lord Fairfax, to survey his estate in Western Virginia. His work pleased Lord Fairfax, and so he secured Washington the position as public surveyor. He filled this position for three years. By this time he was no longer a boy.

--Mary Brownlee L7y'

GEORGE WASHINGTON IN THE EYES OF CHILDREN

In the eyes of children today, Washington is a great hero. To them he is not a hero because he was the first president of the United States but because he was such a great soldier and gentleman. When he came to Valley Forge his consideration for others was outstanding. He did not look around for shelter for himself but rather for his men. When his men were comfortable, then, and then only, did he find shelter for himself. This teaches children who read history to place Washington higher in their minds as a hero and gentleman.

--Edna Gardiner H7y'

"It is well." George Washington's last words.

LITTLE KNOWN INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON

There happened several curious incidents in Washington's life that are not given their right importance.

For instance when he was a boy he wanted to go to sea, but his mother did not approve of the idea. She promised to give him a new pocket knife if he did not go. Washington promised and got his knife. Later, this same knife kept him from giving up his post as Commander-in-Chief. This incident, I feel, was very important because he might have gone to sea and never have been a general on land where he was needed.

Another incident was when he was already general and was going to his troops. He did not know the country where he was riding, and did not know the British were camping there in the woods. He was passing a clearing not more than two hundred feet from an English trench, and didn't know it. A British officer who was walking with a soldier saw him without being seen. The soldier gave his officer his rifle and he took it and aimed at Washington. He was about to fire when he put the gun down and told the soldier that that would have been murder even if the cruel laws of war permitted it. Later, this same officer learned that the man whose life he had held in his hands was none other than George Washington.

--Alfredo de Leon H8y'

WASHINGTON A FRENCH GENERAL

It is a little known fact that George Washington held two commissions at the same time. On June 15, 1775, he was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Continental Army. Then in 1779, when King Louis XIV of France sent aid to the struggling Americans, a difficulty arose. The French were to be sent under command of Count Rochambeau, an officer of high rank in the French army, and the French officer was to serve under a mere colonial leader! Very wisely, King Louis solved the problem by creating Washington a Lieutenant-general in the French service so that his rank might be equal to that of Rochambeau. Lafayette brought the commission when he returned from France and Washington accepted it. The commission was never cancelled and Washington died an officer in a foreign army.

--William Sale L8y'

THE STORY OF HIS KNIFE

When George Washington was eleven years old his father died and he went to live with his half-brother Lawrence. While there George obtained a commission to be a midshipman in the English navy. They were all ready to go when George got a message from his mother forbidding him to go and, submissive to her wish, he went back to his studies. His mother's next order to England for annual supplies included an order for a good penknife which she gave to George as a reward for granting her wish. The knife had the injunction on it: "Always obey your superiors."

To General Knox Washington explained how he got the knife and why. At Valley Forge George wanted to resign from leading the army because of some trouble they had, and wrote a letter of resignation. He was about to send it when General Knox heard about it. He then said to Washington, "Remember the knife and the injunction. Some one told you to lead this army and no one told you to resign." Then he went out. George Washington, after thinking it over, tore the letter and didn't resign.

Mary Guzzardi H8y'

WASHINGTON AND THE CABBAGES

One day during spring, George came running into the house very much excited and astonished.

"Father, father!" he shouted; "Oh, father! Do come and see!

"What is the matter?" asked his father.

"The cabbages are coming up, and are writing my name," cried George.

"I suppose they just grew that way," said his father. "Don't you think they grew by chance?"

"They couldn't," said George; "They wouldn't know how to grow that way if someone had not made them."

"You are quite right," said his father. "I planted those cabbages in that way to teach you a lesson that nothing comes by chance, but must be planned by someone."

George was only eight years old when he learned this lesson but he never forgot it for the rest of his life.

--Gleason Rowell H8y'

WASHINGTON'S GREAT HEART

Once, when Washington and his fellowmen were riding on a country road, he saw a family of little birds in the cold, damp grass, that had fallen from their nest in the branches of the tree above. Washington climbed down off his horse, picked up the little birds, and held them in his large, warm hands. Then he placed them carefully back in their nest. He had to **travel** fast for some time until he reached his comrades again, only to be received by a laugh. This, however, had little effect upon Washington.

Washington especially liked horses. One of his favorites fell and broke its leg. Instead of calling for a horse-doctor, he cared for the animal himself, and spent most of his time with the horse until it was completely cured. Don't you think this showed his love for animals? --Bernice Barthels H7y'

WASHINGTON AS A SOLDIER

At the age of nineteen Washington began his military career. He was a great leader, because of his bravery and courage, but mostly because he could handle his men. Because Washington was always just in dealing with the men under his command, they were always willing to serve him and were obedient. The men loved Washington. He never thought himself above the ranks of his men in any way. Washington won many victories in war. He had instilled in himself and his men the spirit of freedom. He was a very heroic figure and a great patriot. When he fought, he fought bravely and fairly and was always generous to his defeated enemies. Washington never allowed his soldiers to jeer at, or torture their prisoners. After the independence of the thirteen colonies was achieved, he retired to his home in Mount Vernon, which during the eight years of war he had visited only once. --Theda Stevens H8y'

"A good moral character is the first essential in a man. It is therefore highly important to endeavor not only to be learned but to be virtuous."

"Let your judgment always balance well before you decide."

A MAN OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

Many years ago some soldiers were repairing a fortification under the direction of a pompous little officer who shouted his commands in a loud voice. The men were trying to get a beam of timber in place, but they were not strong enough. With another pair of arms it would have been easy, but the officer would not help them. He shouted at them, "Don't stand and look at it! Move it!" A gentleman passing by stopped and watched and asked the officer why he did not help.

"Are you aware who I am, sir? I am a corporal," the officer said.

"I was not aware of that and I surely beg your pardon," responded the stranger. Then the stranger pulled off his coat and helped the men, and the officer did not even thank him.

"If you need me again you may send for me and I will lend a hand."

"May I ask who you are?" inquired the haughty corporal.

"Yes, sir. You will find me at the headquarters tent. My name is George Washington and I am Commander-in-Chief of the army. Good day, sir," and the astonished officer stood gazing after him.

--Clayburne Belshaw H8y"

GEORGE WASHINGTON FORGAVE A RIVAL

George Washington had a very forgiving heart. During his life he had many political rivals. One of the strongest of these was General Gates. Gates was much in the favor of the public during the winter of 1781. He had been winning battles while Washington had been losing several. Then Gates, because he was thought to be so strong, was sent to the South to stop the advance of the British army. Gates was defeated and had to retreat two hundred miles! The whole country laughed at him and he was discharged. A few months afterward Gates received a message from Washington asking him to take command of the right wing of the army. Gates accepted with surprise and gratitude.

--Doris Marshall L9y'

"Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one."

IN THE DAYS OF WASHINGTON

George Washington grew to manhood at a time when aeroplanes, electric lights, steam engines, and sewing machines were unheard of. He never saw a steamboat nor telephone. His farm implements were not the power-driven machines of today. Men harvested with scythes or sickles and threshed with flails. Washington's clothing was stitched by hand. On the frontier men wore the skins of animals.

Running water in the homes had not been thought of. Factory canning of fruits, meats, and vegetables was unknown to the colonists. Franklin had experimented with electricity but no use had been made of it. Homemade candles of tallow, and whale oil lamps, were used.

There were weekly newspapers in the larger towns but dailies were unknown to the Americans, and public libraries were all but unknown.

Many occupations of today did not exist then. No typewriters or telegraphs clicked, no elevators flashed up and down, no locomotives roared, and no modern surgery existed.

The colonies would have prospered more if they had traded more freely with each other. It was a crime to use woolen goods that had come from another colony. It was a crime to make certain things at all. England wanted to sell all these things herself to the thirteen colonies.

Think what freedom, what development, Washington and his often tired and hungry army gave to America!

--Harry Stanford H7y"

WASHINGTON TAKES LEAVE OF HIS OFFICERS

At the close of the Revolutionary War Washington's military career was ended. The painful task remained to bid adieu to the companions of his toils and dangers. The closing interview took place on December 4, 1783. At noon the principal officers of the army gathered at Fraunce's Tavern. Their general soon entered the room.

His emotions were too great for concealment. Filling a glass with wine he turned to them and said, "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you; I most sincerely wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy,

as your former ones have been honorable and glorious." He drank the wine and continued: "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you, if each of you will come and take me by the hand."

General Knox, being the nearest, turned to him. Unable to speak, Washington grasped his hand and embraced him. In the same affecting manner, he took leave of each succeeding officer. In every eye tears appeared and not a single word interrupted the tenderness of the scene.

Washington immediately left the room and passed through a body of troops on his way to Whitehall, where a barge awaited him. The men of the company quietly followed him. Having entered the barge he turned, and waving his hat bade them a silent farewell. --June Norden L9y'

THE OLD CLOCK

In Washington's bedchamber there was old clock. On the death of General Washington, Doctor Elisha Cullen Dick, Master of Masonic Lodge Number Twenty-two and one of the attending physicians, cut the catgut cord which hung the pendulum, at twenty minutes after ten p. m. After the funeral Mrs. Washington presented the old timepiece to Doctor Dick for the lodge.

A placard bearing the following inscription now hangs beneath the clock:

"Its work is done and the hands
still point to the minute and
hour that mark the close of the
greatest life in history."

It is said to be the only piece of furniture in the room at the time of Washington's death that has not been restored to its former place. --Gertrude Danska H7y'

"The love of my country will be the ruling influence of my conduct."

"It is at all times more easy to make enemies than friends."

"It is our duty to make the best of our misfortunes."

Alaska Fishing Boats — Tony Jimenez

THE ALASKAN TRIP

A large steamer starts forth for Alaska from San Francisco about May fifteenth, with many fishermen aboard.

Reaching the Alaskan port the men do not start fishing right away. The canneries are made ready. . The actual fishing only lasts about a month, from June twenty-fifth to July twenty-fifth.

Two men, with their small fishing schooner, start out with food, water, small gas stoves, and a tent, for the month of fishing. They stay on the river the whole month without coming to shore; not even to bring in fish; for a large boat is anchored out on the river where the fish are put. New nets are provided although the linen lines on the sides, and the corks on top, are from the past years.

The widest place up the river where the fishing is, is ten miles wide, and the narrowest place is three miles wide. The fishing is between those places. The fish are sometimes so plentiful that the bottom of the boat seems as though it is on land when it really is going on the backs of fish. The men may catch about five thousand fish, but seldom more.

The salmon stay in the sea about three and a half years. During this time they have grown to large fish. In the spring of the fourth year, as soon as the waters are warm, the salmon start to fight their way upstream. In October the female lays her eggs in about one to four feet of water. Then the fish start floating downstream, but with their tails ahead as though they were still struggling upstream. They weaken and in about ten days they die. The baby fishes' first food is the decomposed bodies of their father and mother. Because of this, the efficient fisherman is able to tell quite well that each fourth year will be a good fishing year.

At the end of the month the fishermen come back to get ready for their home coming. The fish are canned. Sometimes there are as many as eighty-five thousand of the best type. There are many different kinds of salmon. About the highest priced fish is the King Salmon for which each man in the little boat receives twenty cents. Some may weigh as much as one hundred pounds. One man caught one weighing eighty-four pounds. There are the Red Salmon and the Silver Salmon at lower prices. There are many others some of which are nicknamed "humpbacks" and "dogs" by the fishermen themselves. The cans

are labeled according to the kind of fish they contain.

The men bring salted fish home and all the fish is loaded and made ready in two weeks. The men are on the same boat as the fish and they get home about August thirteenth.

--Welma Luoma H9y"

THE DESTROYER--SWIFT AND POWERFUL

The destroyer is the fastest ship used in the navy. It is called a destroyer because it is capable of a great deal of destruction with its deadly torpedoes. These ships carry about twelve torpedo tubes, which are kept loaded; four or five deck guns, an anti-aircraft gun, and two racks each containing five depth charges. During the war they protected army transports and merchant ships against submarines, with these depth bombs and smoke screens. These ships, like all the later type, use oil for fuel and the smoke screens are made by forcing into the oil burners more oil than can be completely burned. If a destroyer were to attack a battleship, the attack would preferably be made at night so that the destroyer could approach under the cover of darkness and get near enough to make her torpedoes effective. After the destroyer had discharged its torpedoes it would attempt to escape, depending upon its speed and a smoke screen to help in getting away. It has no defence except speed and smoke. It has no armor because that would add too much weight. Every effort is made to keep the ship in the most efficient condition possible. The powerful turbines are kept in perfect shape. --Virginia Laakso H8y'

CAPTAIN ON A U. S. N. DESTROYER

The naval officer is not only a navigator but an electrical and mechanical engineer as well. He is superior to the other officers. He has charge of the whole boat, telling the officers what to do while they in turn tell the other men, such as the engineers, firemen and seamen what to do.

To be a captain on a destroyer, a man must go to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. When he graduates he enters the

navy as a commissioned officer with the rank of ensign. This places him in direct line for promotion. Midshipmen never enter the navy as common sailors nor hold a position below that of a commissioned officer. They must be above average in physical health, as well as neat and polite at all times. These men, after four years as midshipmen in the academy, enter the regular fighting force and are promoted in regular order, in their respective turn, until they reach the highest position in the navy, that of admiral.

A man who serves twenty years can get a pension of one-half of his pay or a home in the Naval Home for the rest of his life. If he serves for thirty years, he can get a full pension. He is sure of his job. There are no strikes or riots. He receives good pay which varies with the position held, ranging from that of the midshipman to that of an admiral, and he sees the world for nothing.

The chief disadvantage is being away from one's family and friends. It is lonely on the sea. No one is allowed to whistle on the ship except the boatswain. A common sailor should not try to work his way up as a commissioned officer. It is better for a man or a boy to enter the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis if he wishes to be in the navy for his life. --John Encalada H9z

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER

Often one who has grown old in sea service or has lived all his life near the ocean becomes a lighthouse keeper. Few others could endure this detached existence with every activity accompanied by the incessant pounding of the sea. From sunset to sunrise, a lighthouse keeper has his lights going, warning navigators of dangerous rocks. When the fog settles down, he starts the signals moaning. In addition to tending to the lights he gives signal flashes to ships warning them of nearby danger. He must be able to give the signal code in flashes. He has to get up at different intervals during the night to check on the apparatus.

The advantages to a lighthouse keeper are his pay, which is from three thousand to five thousand dollars a year, and a vacation of three months a year on full pay. Since he has no way of spending his money, he has more chance of saving it for

future use. The greatest drawback is loneliness. He spends a solitary life unless he has a wife or child devoted enough to him to spend her life with him. Another disadvantage is in not being very sure that his supplies will arrive when he expects them. They are often delayed by storms. The lighthouse keeper must paint the lighthouse once a year, the money being furnished to him by the Bureau of Lighthouses. An inspector comes every four months to inspect the lighthouses and apparatus, which must be in perfect order.

In history we have had such great men as David Stevenson and Marshall Wright and other important lighthouse keepers. They have saved lives as well as performing their duties as lighthouse keepers. These men are greatly respected and admired for their service to mankind.

In order to prepare for this work, men must have a high school education plus six months work in a training school.

Nations are greatly indebted to men who choose this service for their life work. --Dorothy Conrad H9z

THE CHIEF STEWARD

The chief steward supervises sleeping accommodations and looks after the commissary. He must know how to arrange and prepare different kinds of foods. He also must prepare night lunches for the members of the crew who are on the night watches. He must have the cook fix any items relating to the comfort of the passengers. He must also check the ship's stores. When the ship is in dock, the supplies have to be stored away under his direction. He has many to work under him, such as the chefs, cooks, stewardesses and porters.

The qualifications for this job are: He must be neat and clean at all times, he must be active and reliable and should have a high school education.

The advantages for this job are: He gets good pay plus his board and room, has plenty of free time, and has a good chance for promotion to shore-side duty if he keeps himself as he should.

The disadvantages to this position center in the necessity of being away from his family most of the time. Furthermore, on the ocean the weather conditions sometimes are undesirable. Stewards are not to talk with any passengers on

board while on duty.

This job is very important on large passenger vessels as there are often fifteen to twenty stewards on a ship. The demand for these men is very great because there is always a chance for improving steward service. The training of these men is on the ship while they are working as waiters, mess boys or cooks. If they can be depended upon they are promoted until they reach the highest job, that of chief steward, who has full charge. --Lester Johnson H9z

MY SHIP

My ship is going to sail away
About three weeks from today.
Aboard her deck my soul shall be;
Aboard the ship no one but me.

Now she's sailing far at sea
Bringing back my hope to me.
Over the ocean waves she glides and sails
Through the thunder storms and gales.
--John Martinez H8y'

"A CAPITAL SHIP"

"A capital ship
For an ocean trip
Was the Wal---"

"Quiet down below!" bellowed the captain's voice.

"Yes, sir," was the faint response.

The men below deck paused a moment and, hearing the muffled footsteps of the captain moving off in the direction of the stern, softly resumed their interrupted song. This time it was broken by the harsh and frenzied cry of, "All hands on deck! Storm coming up!"

There was a scramble of clumsy feet up the worn stairway and soon the sails were pulled down and everything was in readiness for the storm, which had already broken. The wild waves were lashed higher and higher until the dark, swirling waters swept over the deck, while the lightning cut fantastic designs

in the inky black sky. Quickly and with accurate deftness the mast was taken off by the driving gale.

"Nothing can save us now," yelled a sailor above the raging storm; but suddenly a clear young voice was heard, and the tired but hopeful sailors joined in the song:

"A capital ship
For an ocean trip---"

Four hours later, beached upon a sandy shore, was a deserted ship. The sailors were all on shore marveling at their escape.

"I don't know what saved us!" bellowed the captain's voice.

"I do, sir," said the boy who begun the song. "It was the song, "A Capital Ship!'" --Inez Kosty L9y'

A PIONEER OF THE WHARVES

My grandfather, John Spenger, was born in Munich, Germany, in 1848. He moved to Milwaukee, Wisconsin; then he came to Berkeley in 1877.

He started to fish from Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco, and from the Oakland piers. When he caught more fish than he needed he put them into sacks and sold them on the ferries. This was so successful that he decided to sell fish for a living. People used to look forward to Friday when their dinners would be fine, fresh fish and sea food bought from my grandfather. He put up a fish store at Fourth and University Avenue, in Berkeley, and people went there to buy.

He used six strings with fifty floats on each of the six strings. He had strings coming from the floats with five or six hooks on them. It would take two hours or more to get the fish off these hooks and rebait them. He would get as much as seven hundred fifty fish a catch.

My frandfather was well-known in the East and West Bay regions, and greatly liked. He died in 1931. Frank Spenger now funs his store at Fourth and University Avenue.

--Herman Spenger H7y"

"It is by a steady and rigid attention to the rules of propriety that confidence is obtained."

ADVENTURE ABOARD THE BURNSTON

As the wind came screaming around the house, and the rain peltered down, Old Joe, the sea dog, began his story.

"It was in the eighties then, and I was a young man of twenty. I had just listed on the good ship Burnston, a fine and hearty ship of five stout masts and a deep hull. That evening I happened to drift into a saloon and sit at a table where I heard two men talking.

" 'That ship Burnston is a jinx ship', said one.

" 'Yes, I've heard some terrible tales about her', said the other.

"I was just getting interested in their talk when they got up and went out; but what I had heard interested me very much and I was determined to sail on her.

"That night we put to sea with a fairly good wind which carried us along at a nice speed. As I mounted the poop deck I could hear the jacking up of the sails and see through the dim light the huge figures of the crew.

"We were out about three weeks, and bound for Tahaiti, when a typhoon hit us. In five minutes we were being whirled around at a terrific speed and were unable to recover the ship. At last we were flung free, with a hold full of water and a loss of two men. When the helmsman took the wheel he found it useless. On top of all, the mainsail was in tatters. We drifted helplessly on for days, without seeing land or ship. Our crew grew restless and one night we heard a shot. Running on deck we found the captain shot through the arm.

"Next day we tried the whole crew, though the captain had seen who had shot him. Before we got half way around the crew, a strange man made his appearance from the hatch. The captain, already aware of this, lunged toward him and sent him sprawling on the deck. The man uttered an oath and pulled from his belt a pistol. He was just about to shoot when there came a long, narrow dagger which nailed him to the deck. The cook's aim had been true. The captain, suffering from the wound of the night before, fell into a state of unconsciousness and we took him to his cabin.

"Eight bells had just rung when a terrific wind struck us, throwing the waves to a huge height. We were helpless, for we had no rudder and no mainsail; and all prepared for the worst. Bang! That was all. The next second I felt the ice-cold wa-

ter around me and I clung to a piece of mast floating by.

"The captain came into my mind. Was he alive or drowned? It made me sick to think of it but I began to search for him. I was nearly exhausted when I saw what made me shudder. There, a little distance from me, was the captain's body. Had he died from his wound, or had someone killed him? I swam toward him and saw. Someone had stabbed him in the back. Was it the cook who had killed the other fellow? Where was the crew? No one knows. I grew dizzy and I, too, fell unconscious.

"'Hey, you guys! Get that deck scrubbed or I'll throw you into chains.'

"I opened my eyes and saw a giant of a man yelling at his crew. Just then he turned around and in a second his strong arms were around me. He was my brother who had run away from home when he was fifteen. He told me he was going home, and of how he had saved me from drowning. He said, 'I was just about to turn in when I heard the helmsman utter a groan. I dashed to the side of the deck and saw someone floating on the water. I stripped off my coat and dived in. I recognized you in a minute and thought you were a goner. You don't know how happy I was to see you open your eyes!'

"We were home in a few weeks and here I am today telling you this story of forty-odd years ago." --Wilbur Mann H8y"

MY WISHES

I want to go to a South Sea Isle,
In a ship that's made of candy;
Where corals are made of peppermint tile
And there's always lolly-pops handy.

I'd like a house made of cookies and cake,
Where the trees have chocolate trunks,
And where there was a soda-pop lake,
And we slept in marshmallow bunks.

I wish there wasn't any school,
That the children were wise and free,
And we would abide by the Golden Rule,
And could drink of coffee and tea.

--Mary Folliard H8y'

but where was the ship? Where was the gallant crew? The sea answered, "The crew is gone; the ship is gone--down into my chest of missing ships; and only I remain. Always I shall conquer!" --Anna Parker H8y"

THE OCEAN'S WAVES

How I love the ocean's waves,
Turning and twisting, forming sea caves!
Once in a while up through the green,
Comes a fish, so swift and keen,
Now the sea grows angry with all of us here;
The waves dash upon us, and they splash very near.
Then suddenly and quickly, out of it all
We ride to safety, away from the squall.
--Donald White H7y'

THE YANKEE BLADE

In a dingy office on the water-front of San Francisco there sat three men smoking pipes. One was about seventy years of age while the other two were middle-aged. It was raining and they had not a thing to do but talk. Their conversation finally got around to the days of "Forty-nine". Then the oldest man (we will call him Jake) said, "Did I tell you about my mother's trip across the Isthmus of Panama?"

"Well," said the man who looked the younger, "it won't do us any harm."

"My mother told me this story one day when I was sick in bed, so I've always remembered it. About 1849 news of the discovery of gold in California began to reach New York and my mother thought she would go and get herself an apron full of gold. This is what she told me of her trip:

'We started from New York late in the year 1849 and, as we went to get on our ship (which was the Golden Albatross) I noticed it was a steamship, and a fairly large one. The people were all about with their clothing and food because you could not buy anything on the boat.

'For nine days we sailed down the Atlantic coast and, on the tenth day we reached Panama. There was a big commotion

THE TYPHOON

For two days the trim ship Maria had shoved her nose through the calm, billowy sea. Soft winds were blowing; the sun shone brightly. Now on the third morning at sea, beneath a sky spotted with red and violet tints, she was ploughing through long swells that rocked her about. A fine, misty rain that seemed to have grown out of the very atmosphere was falling. The ship began to roll helplessly on the long, oily swells. Off the port beam a low, dark, forbidding cloud appeared like a distant land, and from it a squall was brewing. The ship was headed right in its path.

A strange, yellowish, unusual light that had hung over the sea, suddenly vanished. The sky darkened, and large drops of rain fell on the decks of the Maria. A breath of wind came out of the southwest, which steadily increased in volume until it hummed around the bridge where the grim, stern-eyed captain stood. Then the rain stopped; the sky grew blacker; the sea turned a dark green and rose like a huge green monster about to swallow the trim ship and all its staunch crew for an early evening meal. The Maria buried her nose in the angry sea. The sea resisted and rose mightily. The ship rose with a quivering movement, rose slowly with her bow poised against the black sky for a sickening moment--and then slowly settled down again. The darkness of the night closed upon the ship and in the heart of every sailor on the ship was a prayer. The sea roared with delight.

Then came the wind. It advanced like a great hand advancing to strike the ship with a tremendous blow--first a hum, then a roar and a scream and bellow of rage. All the dark sea elements were screaming about the little ship, screaming to be let in and furiously raging when they found they were not. Lightning flashed; thunder roared like the beating of a drum. Suddenly a wave more daring than all its fellows rose up--up--up over the ship! Others joined it, and then lightning, jealous of the waves, struck; and struck again, twice at the same place. The wind lashed out its powerful hand and screamed.

All night this fury lasted until--suddenly all was still. The lightning refused to strike; the winds ceased to blow; the rain ceased to fall; the blackness lifted. Streaks of light appeared through the parted clouds, and the sun rose in all its glory, giving the clouds a rosy tint. The sea was calm;

while the women passengers got off the boat and it was refueled. The women were to go across the Isthmus on mules and meet another boat on the Pacific side, because the trip around the Horn was too long and dangerous. Only the men went on that part of the trip. Crossing the Isthmus was dangerous, too, as there was always the danger of being attacked by Mexicans or of contracting a tropical fever.

'As we reached the other side and met a boat called the Yankee Blade I noticed it was different from the other boat. It was a boat with both steam and sails and looked much stronger than the Golden Albatross.

'Everybody except the crew got off the boat and, when night came, the captain tried to sail off without us to go back and get more passengers. As the captain was getting ready to sail away one of the men discovered his plot and he was made to stay and take us to California.

'For three days all went as it should but on the fourth day we sighted a storm. The water began to rise in large swells and dash over the bow. The passengers began to run for any shelter they could find. Very soon the thunder was heard and lightning ran through the sky, lighting the ship from stem to stern, and then, as if to climax the picture, the heavens fell in torrents of rain. The captain ordered full steam ahead and we tried to reach San Diego. The boat dived and plunged as if she were trying to dive to the bottom of the ocean. As the storm reached its highest, the mast came thundering down, knocking down everything that came in its path. It crashed through the pilot house, killing the first mate. The captain narrowly escaped by dashing through a door and jumping down the stairs.

'As the dawn came the California sky was clear and blue. The captain took our position and found that we had passed our stop and that we would have to try for San Francisco.

'For two more days we sailed on and then the coal gave out and the captain ordered everything made of wood to be thrown into the fire except the parts of the boat. The people were very generous and gave everything they had until finally they were throwing in their hams and bacons and pulling down the cabins on the boat. On the third day we limped into the Golden Gate, just as we had nothing more to burn. There wasn't much of San Francisco then but nothing was more welcome than the harbor of San Francisco.'" --William Swift H9y'

I WISH

I wish that I could go away,
And sail down a moonlit bay;
While dreamy stars peep in and out,
And silver birds glide round about.

I wish that at the dawn of day,
I could anchor on a silver bay;
To hunt for seashells in the sands,
To gather them all up in my hands;

And rove the island's caves and coves,
And see the trees in blossoming groves;
And then could sit beneath some tree,
To gaze out at the deep blue sea.

But though I like to sail and roam,
I love another place called home;
So down that bay I'd sail again;
Down that quiet, moonlit lane.

--Marjorie Mergenthal H8y"

THE SEA

Did you ever sit by the sea on a balmy day and wish you were going to sail away on a big ship? It might be a merchant vessel or even a pirate's ship.

Just picture yourself as Captain Kidd or some other famous old pirate. Imagine your men digging for a buried treasure and at last, when the treasure is unearthed, how rich you feel; and how jolly your men are; and that old pet parrot who always is perched on your shoulder will shriek with glee and jump up and down. Then you will take the treasure back on your good ship and lock it in a strong room. Then there is always the pleasure of making the men you capture walk the plank. Most of the time you and your men will play poker or some other game of cards. The danger in being a pirate is that some day you might be hung; but think of the fun!

I think that every boy (and maybe some girls) dreams of being a pirate and sailing on the sea. --Wilma Morrison H8y"

MY TREASURE SHIP

The ship goes sailing on the sea,
It brings good tidings for you and me,
In different weather, rain or shine,
Its course is headed straight in line.

Though billows rock and winds blow free,
My ship and cargo comes to me,
When round my "Cape of Hope" she flies,
Her colors gleam and line the skies.

Through serene seas it wends its way,
At my feet to anchor lay
Precious gifts; not jewels or gold,
But gifts of kindness and unselfishness, it holds.

--Dorothy Wilson H8y'

A SAILOR

Give me the life of a sailor bold,
Who sails o'er the deep blue sea,
Where waves roll high and, so I'm told,
You may live a life that is free.

--Chester Kelly L8y'

THE BAY ON A RAINY DAY

Have you ever crossed the bay on a rainy day? I have. The cold, icy wind seemed to pierce through me, and the old creaky, lumbering boat dived madly about. The frothy, white-crested waves came up and hit the front of the boat and I heard a terrific splash and thump as the big waves hit, sending a silvery sheen over the wind-swept deck. The angry, churned-up waves seemed to delight in the water fight with our boat, as it was tossing and diving about in the gale. We rode safely through the green troughs of foaming water to the pier, and I left the big, white boat with the feeling that I had had a thrilling experience on the stormy bay. --Donald White H7y'

MOONLIGHT ON THE WATER

The moon was just setting over the tall, stately buildings of San Francisco. Its sheen shone on the water of the bay like silver. A small, sailboat was sailing gracefully along the outer harbor. As the moonlight touched the small white sail, it appeared like silk. There was a gentle wind blowing that rippled the water smoothly and gently. Where the moonlight kissed the water, it looked like different sorts of jewels rolling and gliding along. Moonlight on the water is extraordinarily beautiful. --Edna Gardiner H7y'

SAILORS' FEATHER BEDS

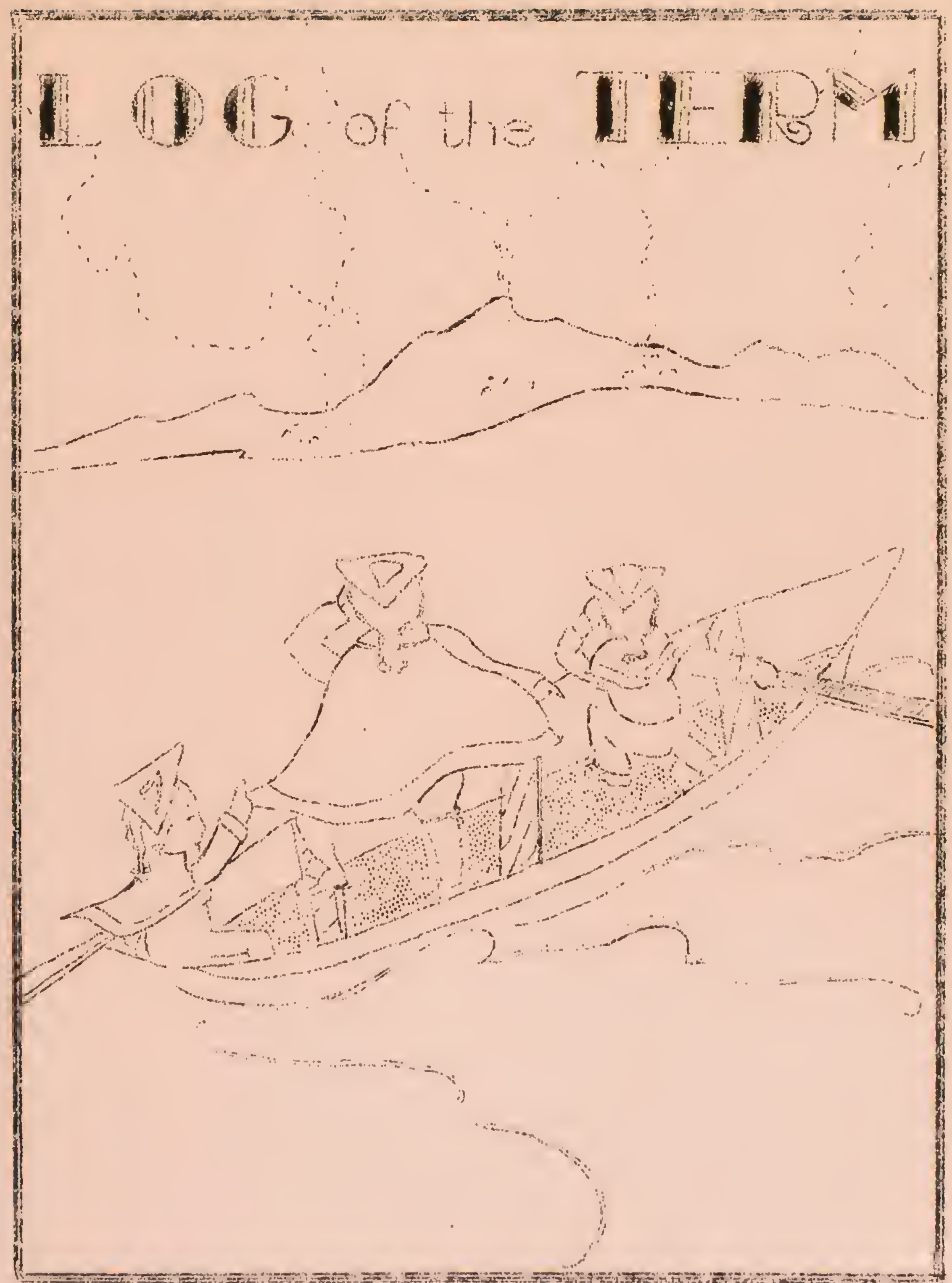
On the old windjammers sailors got the feathers for their feather beds from the albatross, a bird that lives south of the equator and is the largest of all sea birds.

When the ship sails below the equator, the sailors begin to make new coverings for their mattresses. Then they make triangular hooks of brass to catch the albatross. They tie the hook to a long line and put meat on it. Then they let the line drag behind the ship. The albatross has a hooked beak and when it tries to get the meat off the hook, the sailor pulls the line in fast and the bird's beak is caught and he cannot get away. The sailor throws the bird on the deck and the albatross cannot fly from dry wood so the sailor has no fear of it flying away. The birds are skinned and the feathers are put into mattresses and pillows. The left over feathers are put into a bag and brought to land and sold.

--Elmer Ringbom L9y'

BOATS

We all know it is very wonderful that boats which weigh three or four hundred tons can float on water. How would you like to ride in a boat that would not stay on the water very long after it started? I don't think it would be so bad, because you don't sink. You fly. I think flying boats are much more wonderful than floating ones. --Lyle Brown L7y"



And they left their [illegible] [illegible]

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DATE	POSITION	DAY'S RUN	WEATHER	REMARKS
Jan. 13	Contributed by Hink's	"The Indian and the Cowboy"	Realistic	Regretted we did not understand Indian language
Jan. 14	Student Body at the pilot's wheel	Honors and Awards explained	Encouraging for the industrious students	Fine Wizard sales talk
Jan. 18	Stamp Club (10 members)	Visited Berkeley High	Velocity reached highest point	Egyptian stamp raffled Increase of 385 stamps
Jan. 22	P. T. A. Card Party	Bridge and whist	Heavy waves of interest from L9 class	Prizes splendid
Jan. 22	Elbow latitude lacking (Whole school in assembly)	The Byrd picture and Mickey Mouse	Warm in spite of field ice	Our first experience with sound production
Every Tues. at 2:30	All hands on deck—feet up	Capt. Grace Medes, First Mate, Emma Berndt Sec. Mate, F. Brabandt	Balmy for those who passed the entrance tests but slight squalls for newcomers	After seeing them appear you will agree that any shaped sailor can climb ropes and do hand-springs aft.
Jan. 28	Girl Scouts Court of Awards	Presentation of attendance stars and merit badges	Cool night	Signaling, games, and first aid demonstration (15 members)

DATE	POSITION	DAY'S RUN	WEATHER	REMARKS
Feb. 2	Boys' Basket ball at Garfield	Unlimited	Stormy Score 15-14	Played a good game against larger boys
Feb. 4	Boys' Basket ball	115 Team	Fine Score 15-6	Outplayed Garfield
Feb. 5	H7y' Classroom Dramatizations	Scenes from Dickens' "Christmas Carol"	Showed spontaneity	Whose attic furnished forth such splendor?
Feb. 5	Prof. Nahl's Lecture	"Art in Everyday Life"	Absorbing	All felt like artists
Feb. 5	Valentine Dance	Dainty valentines all lavender and old lace	Good music and good time	Wishes expressed for more
Feb. 9	Boys' Basket ball with Willard	Unlimited	Fine Won 12-8	Fast game
Feb. 11	Contributed by L7y' and L8y' classes	"The Underground Railroad" and "Abe's First Fish"	Very entertaining songs and plays	Regretted we could not enjoy the "eats" with the little colored boy
Feb. 11	Boys' Basket ball at Willard	115 Team	Very good Score 19-6	Played rings around them

DATE	POSITION	DAY'S RUN	WEATHER	REMARKS
Feb. 16	Boys' Basket ball at Edison	Unlimited	Very good Score 21-12	Fast, clean game--winning B's
Feb. 18 19	Contribution of whole school	Washington films, Glee Club, trumpet and cornet solos, and saxophone duet	Educational	Prefer sound productions
Feb. 18	Boys' Basket ball with Edison	115 Team	Pleasant	Final game of the season--B's
Feb. 19	H8y' Play	Scenes from "Sing a Song of Sleepy Head"	Dreamy	A poem play by H8y' class for all other H8 classes
Feb. 19	Double assembly	Fisher Body Craftsmanship Competition	Napoleonic coaches gave a thrill from past history	Wonder who will win the prizes
Feb. 23	Boys' Basket ball at Willard	105 Team	Stormy Score 11-8	Went down fighting
Feb. 23	Garfield girls here	115 Team lost	Rough and choppy Score 12-28	Last year the 115's were city champs
Feb. 23	With Garfield girls	Unlimited lost	Horizon clear Score 19-24	A grand team

DATE	POSITION	DAY'S RUN	WEATHER	REMARKS
Mar. 8	Our girls stormed Willard	Unlimited basket ball	Ship ahoy! Two stars! Clotilda and Elve 29-11	Not just two stars tho' a fine team who won their B's.
Mar. 10	L8y' and L7z" classes	Arbor Day	Springlike and colorful	Johnny Appleseed taught us the lesson of unselfishness
Mar. 10	Boys' Basket ball with Garfield	95 Team	Very good Score 19-10	Played a good game winning B's
Mar. 10	Willard girls came here	95 Team lost	Both sides sunny Score 17-24	L. Moore, M. Berlin Guarded ship well
Mar. 10	With Willard girls	105 Team lost	Dull overcast skies--score 15-21	It was a good team
Mar. 15	Senior Girls' Glee foremost	Two songs for P. T. A. Assoc.	Not a cloud on the horizon	Pleased with new middies and ties
Mar. 15	Trip of Group 3 to Girl Scouts' camp	Fun in the cabin	Sudden rain dampened everything but our spirits	Supper cooked in an open fireplace accompanied by smarting eyes
Mar. 24	Girl Scouts gathering at Kenney Park	Reception to National President of Girl Scouts	Foggy morning	Though during Easter vacation, a good crowd

DATE	POSITION	DAY'S RUN	WEATHER	REMARKS
Mar. 3	L7y" and L9y" projected into Revolutionary scenes	Episodes from Life of Washington	Clarity of diction and poise	Indians realistic, climaxes exciting, scenes identical of times
Mar. 3	Boys' Basket ball at Willard	9B Team	Very pleasant Score 18-9	Won a good game
Mar. 3	Edison girls came here	9B Team lost	A bit cloudy Score 16-24	Anna Luna played a fast game as center
Mar. 3	Edison girls stormed Burbank	10B Team lost	We lost Galena Poostovoi to San Francisco	While further aft Jessie Barley did fine guarding
Mar. 4	H8y' play for seniors	Scenes from "Alice in Wonderland", "Mother Goose", and Grimm's "Fairy Tales"	Light and airy	Projected and shadow pictures The donkey was most animated
Mar. 8	Boys' Basket ball with Garfield	10B Team	Stormy Score 8-11	Lost a tough game
Mar. 8	Girls made fast at Willard	11B Team lost	Needed team work Score 14-29	Shirley and Phyllis some good work as forwards

DATE	POSITION	DAY'S RUN	WEATHER	REMARKS
Feb. 25	Boys' Basket ball with Willard	95 Team	Rough--windy Score 4-8	Lost a hard game
Feb. 25	Girls at Garfield	95 Team lost	Unsettled for all Score 21-14	E. Berndt and R. Kroll were fine forwards
Feb. 25	Our girls weighed anchor at Garfield	105 Team lost	A rift in the clouds Score 15-17	Annie Trumpf and Mildred Royeton were excellent forwards
Mar. 1	Ninth Grade Science Club	Visit to Pottery Works	Learned a lot	The eight members convinced it's the best club in school
Mar. 1	Boys' Basket ball with Edison	105 Team lost	Fine Score 6-12	Played a slow game, pushing all the way
Mar. 1	Our girls at Edison	115 Team lost	Some good players Score 12-32	They needed more practice
Mar. 1	Sailed to Edison	Unlimited won	Edison in storm Score 45-26	Team came out for every practice
From Mar. 3 to Apr. 12	Fifty started, seven best tennis players were chosen	Emma Berndt first singles, Betty Stitzer second Inez Kosty third	Results as unsettled as the weatherman himself	The doubles were Lillian Clute, Anna Petersen, Clotilda Gaiato, Cecile Pale

DATE	POSITION	DAY'S RUN	WEATHER	REMARKS
Mar. 29	Fortunate day for Troop 3 of Girl Scouts	Welcome to Mrs. Daniels, our new troop leader	Sunny afternoon	Fun learning to spatter paint leaves
Apr. 7	All musical	Orchestra and Junior Glees	Competitive and exciting	Girls' Glee Club won the contest
Apr. 8	Passing through Toyland by Senior Glees	A band concert and a toy parade	Quickened pulse and warmed imagination at such martial music	Soldiers marched away with red roses over their hearts
Apr. 8	Spring dance	A bower of greenery and flowers	Moonlight with waltzes	Cleared $44.00
Apr. 12	Girl Scouts' social, business meeting	At Mrs. Stewart's new home	Fair	Cragmont Park afforded a fine place to play--enjoyable afternoon
Apr. 22	H9 Alumni Dance	A spring garden	Balmy spring atmosphere	"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,"--No!
Apr. 24 to 29	Public School Week	Open House--Washington Pageant	Demonstrations, exhibits, favorable handwriting.	Colorful array of art--Too much to see
Apr. 29	L7z vs. H7z	Winner played L8y' Field Day	Subject to change without notice	No betting allowed aboard ship

MEMORIES
OF
THE
GEORGE WASHINGTON
JAGEANT
SPRING
OF
1932

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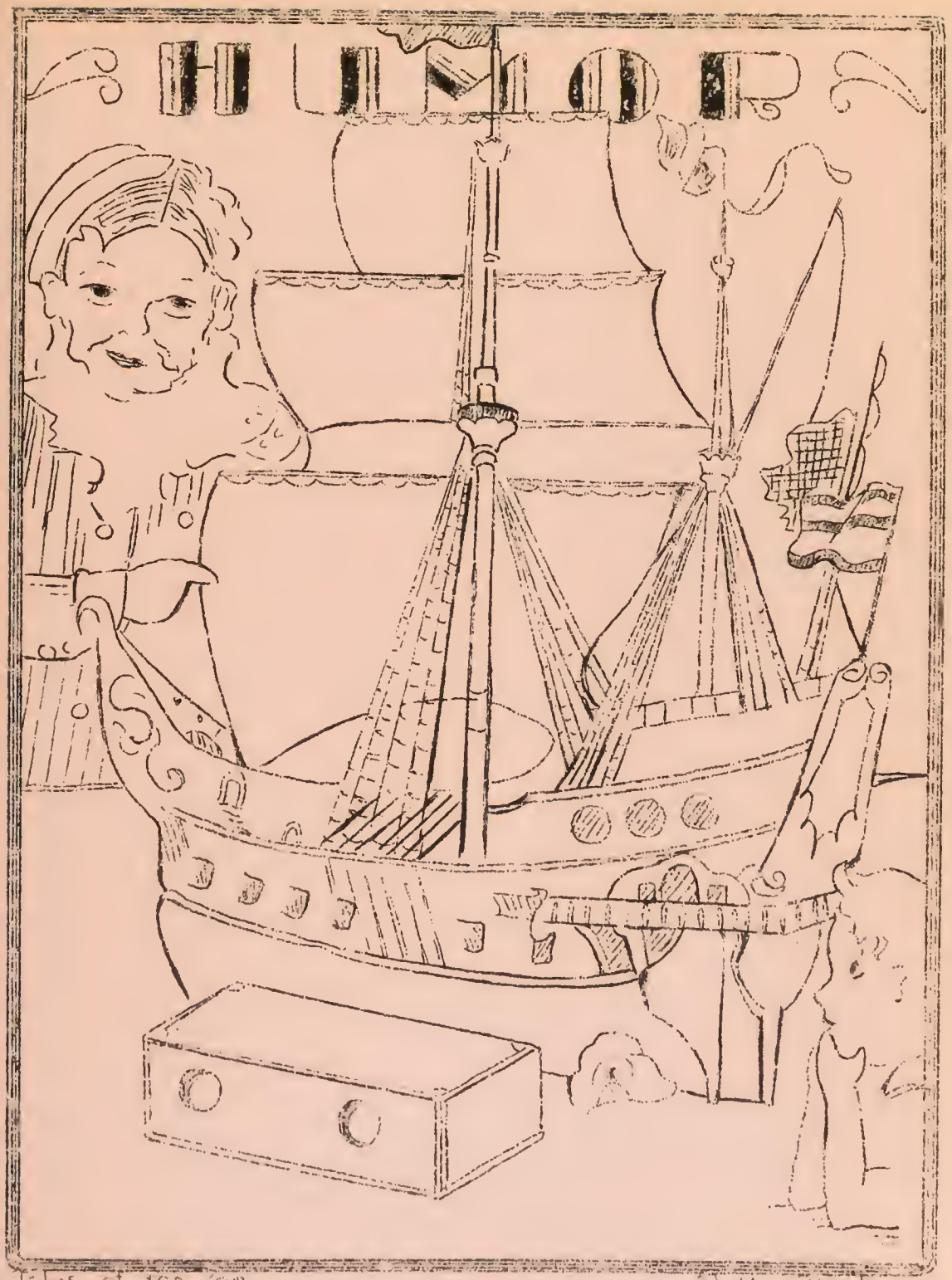

Tales of the Sea
Ruth Clark

Gilbert: Yesterday I saw the Oakland baseball team play Hollywood. Oakland won 5 to 0.
Teacher: What did you see at the ball game?
Gilbert: I saw the players hit the ball.

Bob C.: Phar Lap, the famous race horse is -er-, has er-r--, was died.
Lester: What color was he dyed?

Mrs. Martin to William M. who had been hit by a baseball bat, "Why are you crying like that?"
William: Because it's the only way I know how to cry.

That the quality of mercy
Is not strained, I will agree;
But it's frequently diluted
By the time it gets to me.

The more patient pedestrians, the fewer pedestrian patients.

Patricia Golden had been to school for the first time. When asked what she had learned, she sighed hopelessly, "Nuffin'. I've got to go back tomorrow."

Helmi H. The poem was written about twenty years ago because they used horses then for fire engines.

"Edna, you were a long time coming. Didn't you hear me calling?"
"No ma'am, not till you called the third time."

"Pete, lend me a nickel, will you? I want to call up a friend."
"Here's a dime, Joe. Call up all of your friends."

Vernon H. (having read "Ivanhoe" last term has naturally forgotten "Ivanhoe" and is now concentrating on the "Tale of Two Cities" and the Bible)
Miss Albee (giving a quotation from "Ivanhoe"): Do you recognize this quotation?
Vernon (excitedly): It's from the Bible!

Ransom, when offered a ride in an airplane: No suh, Ah stays on terrah firmah, and de more firmah, de less terrah.

Boss: No! I haven't enough to keep my own men busy!
Paul: Aw, take me on, boss. I won't work hard.

Sign in Oslo window: English spoken. Americans understood.

Frank, pointing to cigarette: Maxwell, is that yours?
Maxwell: Not at all, sir -- you saw it first.

Mat: Did you ever hear the joke about the Egyptian guide who showed a group of tourists two skulls of King Tutankhamen, one when he was a boy and the other when he was a man?
Ned: No, let's hear it.

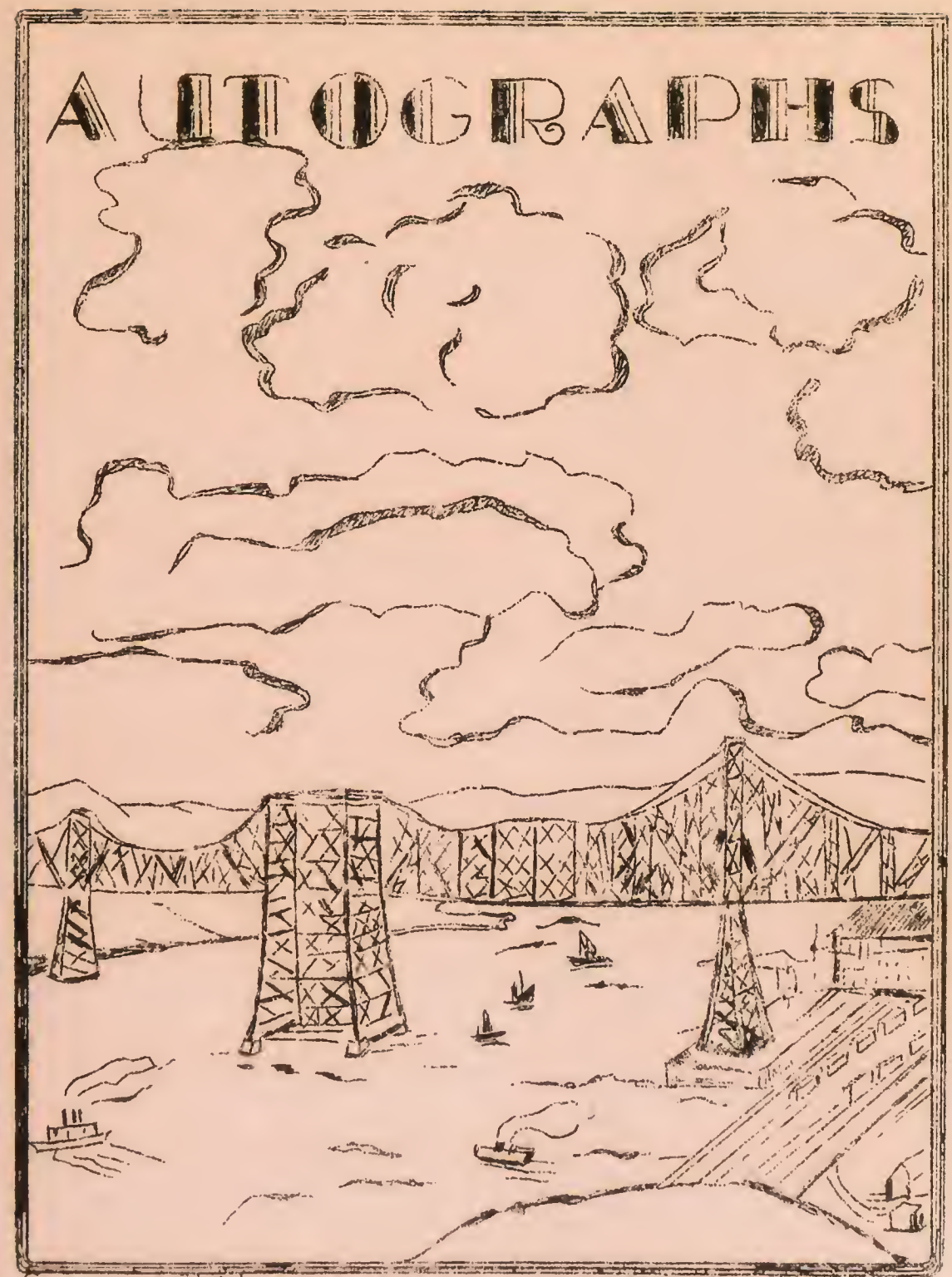
Mr. Frick: Are you a mechanic?
John: No, sir, I'm a McKinnon.

"Katie is frightfully tempermental, isn't she?"
"Yes, ninety percent temper, and ten percent mental."

Mr. Carlsen (after boxing lesson): Have you any questions?
Albert: Yes. How much is your correspondence course?

The bell had rung. Murphy shouted, "Has anyone seen my vest?"
"Sure, Murphy," said Johnson, "You've got it on!"
"Right and I have," replied Murphy, gazing at it solemnly.
"It's a good thing ye seen it or I'd have gone without it."

Mrs. Rhodes: It is a fact that singing is extremely beneficial in certain cases of deafness.
Voice from rear of room: Yes, and vice versa, too.



Carquinez Bridge

Edwin Medeiros

A·LOUISIANA··

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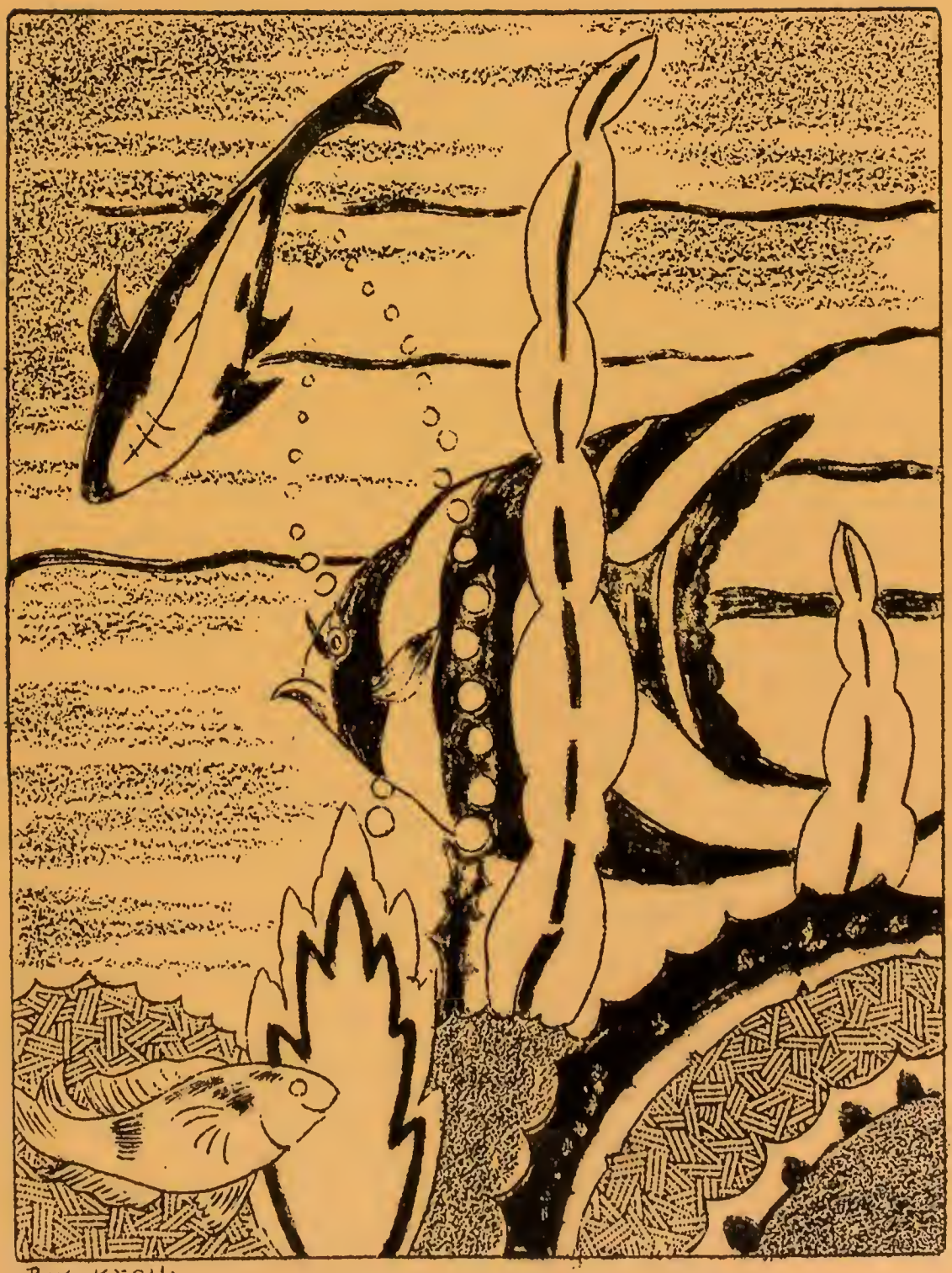

ROY. KROLL.

GRADUATES

We, graduates, march on,
Amid the shouts and cheers.
Some of us with smiles,
Some of us with tears.

We'll treasure the memories,
We must leave behind.
Of all our joys and sorrows,
And our pleasure and our grind.

For three full years,
We have fought to attain
The highest honors,
We now maintain.

But we must go on,
With a cheery smile.
To obtain success,
And make our lives worth while.

--Dorothy Shelton H9y'

FAREWELL TO BURBANK

Goodby to Burbank, farewell to you,
Farewell to friends and teachers too.
To all who have helped us from term to term,
Who taught us to know and helped us to learn.

To graduation at last we've come
Some have failed and some have won.
We've all tried our very best
To come on top with all the rest.

At last we find that we must part,
We go ahead to a new start.
Farewell to Burbank our old school,
Goodby to friends, goodby to you.

--Zona Thomas H9y'

OLD IRONSIDES

The U. S. S. Constitution--"Old Ironsides" of song and story, legend and tradition--comes out of history's pages to thrill the nation.

The veteran frigate, one hundred thirty-six years old, victor of forty-two fierce battles, is the world's most renowned ship of war. In 1812, under the command of Captain Isaac Hull, she defeated the British ship, Guerriere, and won her nickname.

Marked for peace time destruction, through an impassioned poem, "Old Ironsides", written by the elder Oliver Wendell Holmes, she was saved, for he said, "O better that her shattered hulk should sink beneath the wave" than to be destroyed.

Photographers and artist alike have found the ship an interesting study. A beautiful ship when all her canvas is flying, the Constitution boasts what are probably the highest masts of any sailing ship afloat.

It is with a feeling of pride that I know I did my little bit in rebuilding this old historic battleship.

--Margaret Longwell H9y'

CARELESSNESS

Did you know that carelessness causes the loss of more lives than anything else. When people are hit by automobiles, it is because of carelessness either on the part of the driver or the one who is hit. Motorists blame the city, they say it is the duty of the city to have more officers. Pedestrians blame the city because the penalty for speeding is not more severe. They say it is the city's job to protect its citizens. This may be true but the city cannot do it all, it must have some cooperation from the people.

We call ourselves citizens, but are we? A citizen should help the city and not expect everything for nothing. Being careless does not help but rather hinders the betterment of the city and country. The city stations officers or signals at all busy corners, and if people will not obey these, what more can be done? If all the people would band together and wage a war against carelessness they would find the old world isn't so bad after all.--Luella Johnson H9y'

A VIEW FROM BALDY HILL

We reached the top of Baldy Hill after a hour of good stiff climbing in the hot midday sun and were completely exhausted. The hill was called by this queer name because around the top the growing grass has dried, and looked bare, while the rest of the hill was dark green, from the trees.

As we looked around, green woods met our eyes and far below in the winding highway, the few automobiles that passed looked like ants crawling. Through a small clearing in the trees, our swimming hole resembled shining glass. On the side of a hill we saw the apple orchard where we had hiked the night before. Behind us, in the distance, we saw the top of a small building which was the grocery store of the town, Cazadero. The country was very beautiful.--Leo Kesti H9y"

OLD FAITHFUL

Faithful was the name of a dog, and this name surely fitted him. He was an old shepherd dog, and he lived only to care for his sheep, and stick to his duty.

One day there came out of a crude cottage, an aged man, who hobbled along on a cane. Faithful barked as he saw his master approaching. This old man's only income was his sheep, and so he cared for them very well. The sheep were let out of their sheds, and led down the road. They grazed peacefully, while the aged man lay down to rest, for he knew that Faithful would watch his flock.

Soon, from over the hill there came a pack of wolves, which crept stealthily toward the sheep. Faithful saw the wolves, and with one leap and bound he was out in the midst of the sheep. The wolves charged, and the sheep ran madly to and fro. Faithful leaped into the center of the pack, and tried his best to stop them from killing the poor defenseless animals.

The dog put up a brave battle, but the wolves soon overpowered him, and he lay dead where they had thrown him.

Soon help came, and the wolves were driven off, and the sheep that were not killed, were cared for.

The old man knelt by the side of his dog, and whispered a prayer. It may have been--that his dog would have a good home in the next world. Who knows?--Gladys French H9y"

A LONG HUNT

I was standing near a school one day, when I saw a group of small children coming from one of the rooms. The teacher instructed them as to what they were to do. It was Easter and the children were going to have an Easter egg hunt, and were all excited. After a few minutes she told them that they could start to search for the eggs. The teacher said that there was only one blue Easter egg and the one who found that egg would be given a large chocolate cream egg.

This hunt went on for almost an hour when one of the small children jumped from one of the small trees in the yard. The child was so excited that she could hardly wait to show it to the teacher. She was given the egg and was told to be careful when she ate it because there was something in it. When the child had divided it with some other children she came across a piece of paper which had a half a dollar in it. This was a very long hunt for one Easter egg, but she was rewarded after all.--Ethel Hagan H9y"

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

If you have a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter,
You put off day by day.

Don't wait until the tired steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate
But show her what you think of her
Before it is too day.

If you have a tender massage,
Or a loving word to say
Don't wait until you forget it
But whisper it today.

Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait,
So make your loved ones happy
Before it is too late.

--Philip Antons H9y"

JOYS OF SPRING

I always like to go walking in the spring, because there are so many things to see. That is the time of the year all the blossoms on the fruit trees are in bloom. It is a treat to go walking in the country or parks. When you are in the parks you hear the birds sing and you smell the flowers all around you. In the country it is so quiet, and if you wish you can pick poppies or sit down under a big tree and rest. When you are walking in the spring everybody around you seems happy and full of joy. They are glad to see the sun again.

--Lorraine Trainer H9z'

EARNING MONEY MAKES IT VALUABLE

When you earn your own money that means more to you than just getting it from your parents. When you get it from your parents you are careless and just spend it anyway. But when you ea n it, it's different. You just hold that money as long as you have any of it. When you work and then receive your money, you do not think of spending it on candy or some other foolish thing. If every boy and girl did a back-breaking job for his money, the candy companies would be out of luck, because boys and girls wouldn't want to work and then spend it on candy. They would save their money and be more careful in their work.--Charles Mercurio H9z'

LEARNING TO SAVE

I think you should learn to save when you are young, so when you are older you know how to save. When you have your salary you haven't anything to worry about. But suppose you should lose your position then you won't be able to meet your bills or any other payments that you must meet.

--Grace Schulz H9z'

EARNING MONEY IS A PLEASURE

Every boy should try to earn his own money. There are many boys that do not work, because they are too lazy. Boys are brought up this way. If their folks did not give them money when they did not work for it, they would have

boys that would like to earn money for themselves and for their mothers and fathers. I have worked selling papers, and have worked for people cutting grass and cleaning yards. Now I work in a butcher shop. I like to work when I am earning money, because then you can say that you worked for the money and not begged for it.--Peter Giovannoni H9z'

LEARNING TO SAVE

Some people who were wealthy a few years are now having to save their money, that they formerly had spent for foolish things, to buy food with it.

The wealthy people have spend their money as if there was no value to it, but when stocks began going down and banks being closed while men lost their jobs the wealthy folks began to sell their automobiles and houses so that they could live in a little apartment and have enough to live on.

When times like this have come, it should show people who have spent their money foolishly that they should learn how to save.--Dorothy Wurnitsch H9z'

SPRING

The pleasures of spring are in the air,
The flowers and birds are every where.
The squirrels in trees will always chatter.
The children's feet on sidewalks clatter.

The hills in the background are ever so green,
From my front window it is a lovely scene.
The air is clear and from dust free,
And prospect of fruit on every tree.

The people are gay and full of cheer,
Tis the way they get year by year.
The children too are happy and gay,
As they travel merrily on their way.

--Stewart Horton H9y'

MY FIRST NIGHT IN A TENT

My first night in a tent was in that wonderful old grove of redwood trees known as the Calaveras Big Trees. In the company of my Boy Scout troop I had arrived there in the afternoon. Some of us hurriedly staked out our tents while the others gathered wood and prepared the evening meal.

After a hearty supper we lounged around the campfire and told stories and jokes. Soon overcome by sleep we crept into our tents and wrapped ourselves up in our blankets and lay down on a soft bed of pine needles.

For a long time I lay awake gazing out through the flaps of the tent. It was quite dark outside. The crickets began their incessant chirping. The moon was unusually large and bright in the mountains.

All of a sudden a twig cracked. Footsteps seemed to be approaching the tent. My heart came up into my throat. I imagined I could even hear the breathing of the monster.

I could stand the strain no longer. I awoke the boy next to me and we went outside to investigate. Imagine my surprise when we discovered a baby deer placidly quenching his thirst in our water bucket.

We crept back into our blankets and were soon in the land of pleasant dreams.--Clavi Laakso L9y'

MODESTY PAYS

Company was coming to tea. Mother was carefully cleaning the house and arranging the flowers attractively in all the available vases. I was only a chubby little boy but I was very much interested in the preparations, particularly the refreshments.

I insisted on wearing my best suit. At first the ladies noticed me which pleased me very much; but in a short time they became so interested in their gossiping that I was entirely forgotten.

Determined to regain their attention I slipped from the room and returned with a plate of cookies which I balanced neatly on my head. But horrors! I tripped over the edge of the carpet and the cookies scattered in all directions.

All the notice I got was reproving glances as I was being dragged from the room by my mother.--Bernhardt Rose L9y'

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT

I had been reading several books about the lives of great men and was becoming with each additional book a little more enthusiastic. I too should become famous. No longer would I waste my time on the frivolities of life but I would devote each precious moment toward the attainment of my goal!

The members of my family were happily planning the attendance of an exceedingly exciting movie but I declined to accompany them for I had seen the announcement of a lecture to be given that same evening by a noted scientist. I succeeded in obtaining my mother's permission to attend the lecture if I could possibly persuade a girl friend to accompany me.

We arrived at the lecture room early in order to obtain the best seats available. My enthusiasm was somewhat dampened by the small size of the group waiting to hear the famous scientist.

I was again disappointed by the professor who was undersized, bald-headed, and singularly unattractive. However, I had hopes of being duly impressed by his words of wisdom.

The lecture began. Scarcely a word of his monotonous talk did I understand. My friend nudged me repeatedly, but I refused to give her the opportunity of ridiculing me. I kept my eyes glued on the professor.

At last to our relief the lecture was over. There was a faint applause. My friend and I hurried away immediately.

Of course she told all my other friends about the lecture, and even yet a voice often calls, 'Hello Professor! See you tonight at the lecture."--Helen Johnson L9y'

IT PAYS TO BE SQUARE

A peg that's round
Won't fit I'm bound
In any hole that's square;
But when a square boy is around
He'll fit in anywhere.

--Alice Rezendes L9y'

UNDER SHELTERING PINES

Isn't it wonderful to go out into a forest of pine trees and camp for a week or so? One really enjoys such a recreation each year.

The thought of waking up in the morning and seeing these tall, lofty trees standing high overhead is inspiring. The sun breaking through the tops of the trees tries to shower you with sunshine to start the day off right.

Then it is conforting to take a long walk into the deeper part of the forest. Seeing trees that have been there for many years, some for centuries, fills you with awe.

As you walk along the river, you can see logs floating down stream. It seems too bad that these beautiful trees have to be cut down and sawed!--Raoul Viramontes L9y"

A WILD VALLEY

Every summer on May first I go trout fishing and hunting near Cloverdale. There is a fine swimming hole there that is filled with ice cold water. It is down in a valley with tall snow-capped mountains on either side where deer lurk. There is also a stream running through the valley in which there are hundreds of trout and salmon which will bite as soon as your line hits the water. And the water is cold and sparkling and sweet. I think it is the most interesting and enticing spot in California.--John Skoverski L9y"

WHAT TREES COULD TELL

Probably if trees could only talk they would tell things that everyone would be very much surprised to hear. They might be able to tell us if the Indians really were the first people in America or not. Trees live so many more years than human beings that they could probably tell us more history than we have ever found out.

When the winds blow through their branches they seem to say something that we would like to know. People from early times have used their imagination to a great extent and have written myths, poems, and songs about trees. Wouldn't it be fine if these trees could only talk a little bit?

--Alice Perkins L9y"

THE BEAUTY OF TREES

Just by shutting your eyes, can't you see a big orchard of apple trees all nicely lined up in rows? It is just the beginning of spring when little sprouts of green leaves start from the bare branches. A few days later the leaves are so big that hardly any of the brown of the branches shows. From some distance as one looks down over their tops, they seem like a huge spread of soft velvet.

Then in later spring come the white and pink blossoms. Now, they look like a huge field of well-kept snowy daisies. Then in the later summer the fruits get ripe, making the trees look different again with red and yellow apples. By the time the fruit has been gathered, the leaves start to turn an old greenish color.

Then comes the windy season of fall and autumn. Soon all the leaves of the fruit trees start to fall and their beauty is gone for that year.--Hilda Immonen L9y"

A QUAINT LADY

She was a very old woman, an Austro-Hungarian, living by herself. She was dressed in high-topped shoes, which laced over her ankles. Her hair, a dark brown color, was streaked with a silvery grey. She always wore dark brown dresses which came down to her ankles. This old lady also always wore a shawl when she went out, which made her look the more quaint. She seldom spoke to neighbors and, when she did, her remarks were unpleasant. She lived in a little brown house which she seemed to fit very well. In the front yard were stones and big rocks which she said were to keep the spirits away. Her face was wrinkled, probably with age or worry. When she smiled, it was a wrinkled smile, but still it lighted up her aged face. She is just the type of a person for an artist's brush.--Clara Nelson L9y"

THE LOST MAIL

One day when it was raining and the flying field was deserted, I took from a drawer a small book which was used as a diary and glanced through the contents. The book belonged to a friend of mine at whose place I was visiting. My friend, it seemed was an ace in the Great War, and he had known several famous flyers and so after the war was over he took up, almost at once, flying with the airmail. Since then he always kept a full account of his adventures in this diary. As I glanced down the dates, I saw one which was but a few months before I met him. Instantly I was interested and after a few minutes of reading and coaxing, I managed to get the story from him.

After he had been flying mail long enough to become a veteran to the other pilots, he began to take up the far more hazardous and important night flying. My friend, whom we shall call Jackson, took up flying the stretch from Reno to Sacramento. On the third night of flying the new route, he vanished completely. The last that was heard of him was leaving Reno and just starting over the mountains. The queer thing about it was that the stars were out and not a cloud in the sky, the trip on a night like that was as easy as day flying. So the officials decided to investigate. Two army flyers were sent out on the route which Jackson took but the two planes came back and said that there was not a plane or remains of one within three miles of the entire route. The men hired a body of farmers and volunteers to search the surrounding country.

That, however, brought no developments except the fact that two planes had obviously landed in a rocky but flat plateau. There were little marks near the tracks and heavy trampled footprints. With that as the only clue, the inspectors began to work on the case and a flight of observation planes started out. After an hour of steady flying and watching, a small shack was discovered next to a patch of woods which was twenty-five miles from the route of the mail. The flight landed in a level field and went up to the shack. The S. C. knocked and an elderly man with a heavy beard opened the door. Upon being questioned as to information regarding a plane, the man was all too ready to say that he knew nothing. So the men entered and were greeted by two other men who held a revolver in each hand. On closer observation, the revolver of one man was similiar to a gun which the air pilots carry. The flyers

were bound together in twos and disarmed. The three men then left and a roar of a motor was heard. Then a man came running down the ladder and unbound the group. Jackson swiftly told of a hanger camouflaged as a group of trees.

They all ran to their planes but the gas was all drained out. The missing flyer took his plane which was overlooked and flew in pursuit. The pursued plane had a head start. Jackson telephoned the nearest airport, in the direction of the fleeing plane, to stop it at all cost without harming the plane and also to send fuel to the stranded pilots. The mail was all found on the other plane.--Norman Koch L9z'

A NIGHT MYSTERY

One night I was walking down a dark street when all of a sudden I saw something black hiding behind a tree. I started to run but this thing put its long arms out and grabbed me. He carried me through a graveyard and up a hill to a dark old house, full of spider webs. It was a creepy place. He joined three other ghosts in a small room and they talked about putting me in the cellar with a skeleton. They told me the skeleton was alive. I was so scared I couldn't do a thing. They finally put me in the cellar. Just a little light leaked through a crack. I heard bones rattle. The skeleton grabbed me by the throat and was shaking me when I heard my mother say, "Get up, or you will be late for school."--Robert Davis L9z'

A MYSTERIOUS JINGLE

One evening as I was going to bed I put a dollar and a half on the table in a bag. I slept until eleven o'clock and I heard something jingle. I didn't hear it for awhile and then I heard it again in the front room. I was scared for a moment. Then I went to sleep and when I woke up it was six o'clock. I went to my mother's bedroom and she was awake. I asked her if she had heard it and she said she had. We found that my money was gone. I said, "There has been someone here because my money is gone. I left it here last night." Soon I heard it jingle again. I looked around. My cat was chewing on the bag. During the night it had entered the house and pulled the bag off of the table. We were glad to catch the thief.--Arthur Heasell L9z'

HOW A SNAKE GOT ITS RATTLES

Once upon a time in Africa there was a ferocious old snake which lived in the swamp land. He delighted in killing animals and human beings. He would coil himself around a large branch of a high tree and doze away until his victim would approach.

One year the food supply of the natives was just about exhausted. They had grown lean and lank from hunger. No one dared to go into the woods to kill a wild animal.

Diana, goddess of the woodland and the chase, was wandering through the swamp. She found her favorite stag groaning in the coils of the snake. She screamed angrily. "Never again shall you creep upon an innocent stag. You shall have rattles and every animal will know when you are about to strike."

The people to whom the birds told the joyous news were no longer fearful of their old enemy. They went into the woods and returned home with many animals which they roasted and ate.

--William Santos L9z"

WHY THE ROSE HAS THORNS

A beautiful rose grew in an old-fashioned garden. The stately hollyhocks, the snow white calla lillies, and the blue batchelor buttons were jealous of her beauty and fragrance.

One would think the rose would be happy because of so much admiration, but she was bitterly unhappy. Her kind friend, Ceres, asked, "My dear, why are you drooping your beautiful head?"

"Oh," answered the rose, "people are always bothering me. They stop and inhale my fragrance and bruise my soft petals. Some of them are so cruel that they pluck my sisters and tear them to pieces."

Ceres was impatient and said, "You selfish thing. You don't deserve to be loved." She waved her wand and thorns pushed their way out of the stem of the rose. The rose straightened herself proudly and haughtily threatened any intruder.

Ever after the rose and its descendants have had thorns. All the thornless roses have been destroyed.

--Kielo Nyrskymurto L9z"

WHY BIRDS HAVE WINGS

Many thousand years ago in the northern hills of Europe lived fluffy little animals called birds. They were always being killed by stalking mean cats who devoured them greedily. As the years passed so many of the birds were killed that only a few of these bright little creatures were living their gay lives.

One day a little bird was walking along happily in the forest bothering no one. A sly old cat happened to see him and thought to himself, "Here's a good supper for me and an easy one at that." So he sprang after the bird but it ran pell-mell away. Soon the poor little fellow came to a steep cliff. He thought to himself, "Oh, if I had only stayed at home! No more shall I see my brother and sisters."

The cat was just ready to lunge at him so the little animal thought he would jump off the cliff and crush himself in the canyon below rather than afford the cat a good meal. As he jumped, to his surprise he did not fall, but soared high up into the sky. Minerva who had been silently observing the plight of the bird, had taken pity on him and given him soft fluffy wings.

Now a bird may fly away to safety when he sees his old enemy, the cat.--Bryan Ellam L9z"

WHY THE ROSE IS FRAGRANT

Once upon a time far off in a lonely woodland there bloomed a beautiful rose. She was unhappy because no one stopped to admire her beauty. Ceres, who loved grains, trees, and flowers, happened to be passing by one day. Observing the tears of the rose she asked her the cause of her sorrow. The rose said, "I'm most unhappy. Although I'm beautiful, no one ever stops to admire me. I might just as well be homely."

Ceres smiled. Then she reached into her long golden pocket and pulled out a package of fragrantly perfumed powder. This she sprinkled over the petals of the rose. How happy the rose was when she inhaled her fragrance! She knew that she would now be the most popular of all the flowers of Mother Nature.

--Annie Corso L9z"

MARCH WINDS

Oh, March winds that dash across the sky,
As if on errands swift,
Where do you go,
After you dart so far and wide?
I see you in your cloak of gray;
You keep the hilltops,
Scour the plains,
Then, where do you go?

--Helen Norden H8y'

GOING AFTER THE COWS

How many of us have gone after the cows with a father or uncle? I remember when I was a little tot, I would skip along at my uncle's side, dancing and singing with the sheer joy of being in the country. Down the old road we went, with the fine soft, yellow dust floating up into our faces, if I merely stepped a little hard on it. On either side of us were the massive fields of alfalfa, green-tipped with purple blossoms, swaying lightly in the summer breeze. Then we would come upon the herds as they grazed contentedly in a large field. Calling loudly to the cows, my uncle always managed to get the unwieldy mass of black and white out into the road. Keeping a safe distance behind the cows, I would watch the dust filtering up from the road, making queer fantastic shapes in the twilight. At the end of the old road the cows obediently turned into the old corral, lowing and perhaps licking their calves.

--Dorothy Cabral H8y'

TO A LITTLE GIRL IN A FRAME

Ah, little rosy cheeked girl,
Gathering flowers for one you love,
Do you always stand in a frame,
Or do you roam about in spring?
Your golden locks are the sunshine,
That sends its beams so brightly.
Fortunate child that lives in a picture!
But don't you ever get lonely?

--Lena Titoni H8y'

THE AMBITIOUS WATERFALL

Up a winding creek where a little stream was trying to make its way among the odd shaped stones, there came a roar like water falling on large stones. The sound was enough to make anyone curious.

I picked my way up the stream. After going a distance I looked up. To my amazement, there stood a beautiful waterfall.

The water that was coming from it was clear as crystal and cold as ice; and it surely was refreshing to look at.

Being hot from my journey, I got a drink and started up the stream again. Finding nothing, I went back to the waterfall which was still clear and cool. There I sat watching the water going over the stones. Suddenly as if from nowhere come a flock of trout of all sizes. It was a pretty sight to see them swimming about so gleefully.

Someday I hope to be able to walk up that stream to see if the waterfall is still there trying to make its way over the stones.--Sue Scott H8y"

IN THE FIRE LIGHT

It may seem old-fashioned to you to sit by the fireside. Usually when you are feeling blue and discouraged you can find comfort by the fireplace. Something within you draws you to it. Here you are alone with your thoughts. Not only does this lively hued comforter give cheer, but it also gives fun.

There are still family circles that may be playing bridge, or pinochle or some other game. A fireplace surely fills the heart with joy. Have you one? Then use it and take all the happiness it offers you.--Ampara Zulaica H8y"

AFTER THE RAIN

We prayed for rain and at last it came. It rained so hard it filled the gutters and flooded the fields. It also kept the children in. It brought with it the wind, and then there appeared a beautiful rainbow, and after the rain the sky was full of kites, fields were green with growing grass, and the sky was clear once more. People don't appreciate the sun while it is shining, but after the rain they long to bask in its warmth.--Theresa Ghiorso H8y"

WHY BOYS LEAVE SCHOOL

Many boys leave school when they are about sixteen. Some or most all boys who leave school go to part-time. When you go to part-time you do not learn as much as when you go straight through school. Some boys leave school because they are lazy and don't try. The boys who are lazy always think of the hard work in the higher classes and they then quit school. Work is not hard if you try. People who have tried, have become somebody in the world. Some people who have quit when they were young, are sorry now. Sometimes they say, "I wish I had my young days over again and then I would try hard." But it is too late then and they are sorry. So in school always do your best and you will not regret it.

--Americo Tanzillo H8z'

DO I SPEND MONEY FOOLISHLY?

I believe that almost everyone, including some, spend money foolishly and waste a great deal of it. A great percentage of money is being spent daily for useless, unneeded articles. For example, take candy and gum: a large amount if being bought daily. It is really quite unnecessary, as candy and gum are two articles that anyone can do without and it is a waste of money to buy them. If we would think twice before spending our money foolishly, we would make a great saving.

--Virginia Rapetti H8z'

LEARNING TO WORK

While I was out in the country looking for work because the cotton was not ready to pick, we found work picking fruit. About a month later we were picking cotton. I had never picked cotton, and I could not pick very much cotton a day. The first day, I picked about forty pounds of cotton and the next day I picked more until I could pick a hundred fifty pounds a day. One boy who was picking cotton could pick five hundred pounds a day. We were getting fifty cents for an hundred pounds of cotton. This was the first time I had ever picked cotton and I thought it was great fun.

--Ezequiel Garcia H8z'

OLD IRONSIDES

I am "Old Ironsides", and old I am! What adventures I have had! I am the oldest ship in the possession of my country. Will I ever forget the time when I was surrounded by three British ships! Were my men afraid? No, indeed! They used their heads and pulled down my sails as if preparing for a storm. "Hm! A storm coming up," thought the British commander. "Well, they know these waters better than I do," and he did likewise. When night came my men lifted my sails and we were off without the knowledge of our enemy. Those were the times when I was of little interest to my people, because of the many ships like me, but now, wherever I go, people swarm upon my decks. I am a great curiosity in this day. My name? You would probably like to know how I came to have it. 'Twas when I met a British ship. It poured fire at me, and what a pleasure to see the crew's eyes pop out when the shells bounced off! From that day 'til this, my name has been "Old Ironsides".--Ruth Meigs L8y'

THE UNSUCCESSFUL PIRATES

It was midnight on the Barbary Coast. Everything was quiet and dark. A ship was sailing noiselessly from its hiding place. On board were many pirates looking for ships to capture. Among them was a young American boy who was forced to fight for them. At dawn they sighted an American vessel. The pirates prepared, and a terrible fight took place. The Americans, not ready for battle, lost; their sailors were chained on their own ship; and some pirates went into it to sail it. The young boy on the pirates' ship was thinking of a plan to free the American sailors, but he would have to be very brave to carry out his plan. Slowly and carefully, he crept down to the bottom of the boat. There, in the dark, he made a little hole in the ship. The water leaked in,--the hole grew, and the water came in faster! The boy hurried carefully up, and, somehow, managed to escape to the American ship. The pirates, not thinking of him, were off guard; so he looked for the sailors and freed them. They won the battle which followed, easily. As the ship sailed away, the pirates of the other ship shouted for help, but the Americans were too far away to hear them.--Alla Dora Fong L8y'

A RIVULET

All day long I travel along
Over rock and pebble and stone.
It's not a dreary life I live
For I am never alone.
There's always something new to see
Like picnics under the willow tree
And children cooling their tiny feet
As they wade and ramble where it's not deep.
Some think I never have a home
But please don't think that again
For the big sea's always waiting for me
When I come to my journey's end.

--Fern Brabandt L8y"

APRIL BREEZES

The April breezes come and blow
Very softly, and then they go.
The spring time feeling is in the air,
And the birds are singing everywhere.

The soft and gentle April breeze
Comes swaying through the blossoming trees.
The April breezes and April showers
Bring out the early garden flowers.

--Carl Euranius L8y"

A RIVULET'S STORY

Many years ago I came from the mountains. I was a very small stream then and I can't remember very much. Indians came and camped there, cave dwellers brought their pitchers and took water from me. Later the white man came. What a scene that was! I ran along wondering what brought these strange creatures here. But that was a long time ago. Since then towns have been settled. It is nineteen hundred and thirty-three now. I am getting old but I can still keep up with the younger streams. I have seen more things than the younger streams ever thought of.--Eugene Bauer L8y"

A PET LIZARD

When my mother was a little girl, she had a very peculiar pet. It was a lazy old brown lizard which lived in their wood pile. She fed it flies and bread crumbs.

She made a little cart for him and he pulled it around a little fence she had made of nails.

Even though her pet was just an old fat lizard, she was very fond of it.--Julia Marchitiello L8z'

A PET GANDER

A lady whom I know has a pet gander. One day when she was away from home, her father started across the street. The gander ran after him caught him by the leg of his pants and hung on until the old man came back into the yard. The lady who owns the gander thinks he did this to save the man's life. I think this gander was a smart old bird.--Loretta Dowling L8z'

THE PROMISED PET

My uncle has a chicken ranch. One day when I went to visit him, he had many little fluffy yellow chicks. He told me to count them and if I told him the correct number I could have one of the chicks for my pet.

I tried to count them but they wouldn't stand still. They scurried around here and there. My head was in a whirl. Finally I gave up in despair. I had to go home without my pet.

--Dorothy Soo L8z'

MY UNCLE'S BIRD

My uncle has a clever yellow canary bird. He sings gayly when his cage is hung in the bright sunshine. When the cage is open he flies over to my uncle and puts his bill in my uncle's mouth. I asked my uncle how he taught the bird this trick. He said at first he put a piece of cracker in his mouth and the bird would fly over and eat it.

If I had a bird, I would teach him this same trick.

--Henry Mederios L8z'

MY MOTHER

She's the nicest person I ever knew
And she's as fair as the prettiest rose.
She comforts me when I feel blue
And I'll miss her when she goes.
So now that I have her I want to be
The best that a mother can love.
I want to crush her tenderly,
Before she ventures above.
It's often that one doesn't realize
That a mother has feelings too;
Why that soft sweet look in her deep brown eyes
Is a symptom of love that is lasting and true.
So now in life's great wide span
I'll guide my mother and take her hand.
Forever and ever I want her to be
A mother who can really be proud of me.

--Evelyn Torreano H7y'

THE OCEAN

I am the ocean.
I am a deep blue green;
I am always in motion;
Sometimes I get mean
And tip the boats from side to side
And frighten the people so.
But here I have corals and pearls
Far away below.

--Edna Kappadahl H7y'

GIVEN A CHANCE

A starving family, they once had been. They were coming to seek the land, "America," which had food for them. They had eaten all they had, expecting to find work right away, as their friends had written them they would. The boy of the family looks as if he were deep in thought of their future. One of the women seems to be thinking of the home they have left and of the old folks who stayed at home, too old to travel long distances. The mother doesn't seem to worry;

she only wants her baby to be contented. The two young girls seem the hungriest.

Five years afterwards we find the children in school, doing splendidly well. They are now writing letters telling how wonderful everything is here.--Hilkka Tuovinen H7y"

AS THEY ARRIVE

A ship is coming in. Look! It seems as if a thousand people are beside the rails looking into the new land and thinking of prospects which they can get from it. The ship drops anchor, and soon many of the immigrants are piled in the little boats and are being rowed to shore. There are thousands of them, Russians, Italians, Germans, French, Irish, Swedish, and Dutch. Many are the hardships that they must meet. The land will be strange to them at first, but they will get used to it and will soon be a part of our nation.

--Richard Fischer H7y"

THE WIND

I am the wind,
In and out of the trees I wind,
I am so invisible and so fine;
I blow about the clouds,
And make the trees bow low;
I blow about the ships on the seas;
I am so fine you can never see me,
But you couldn't do without me.

--Anita Porter H7y"

A TREE

I am a tree, large and strong.
I spread my branches all day long;
I shelter shepherds with my leaves,
And sway my limbs in the breeze.
In the evening when the sun is down
I am a landmark for travelers going to town.

--Anders Rasmussen H7y"

Berkeley, California
March 14, 1933

Dear Irene:

You were in Long Beach when you wrote me last. When we heard the boys shouting "extra", we thought it was more news about banks. On reading the headlines telling about the earthquake, our thoughts were of you. We did not find your name mentioned and are hoping that you are safe and well.

Our class is discussing the earthquake in the science room and for English we are to write a friend in Long Beach and ask for information. Naturally, there is competition and I want to have the best news you can give me. Tell me of your experiences and what you personally saw.

With kindest regards,

H7z' class

Long Beach, California
March 17, 1933

Dear John:

I am in the hospital but not seriously hurt. I had gone home from school and then to the beach to play about a half mile from my house. It was growing late and I was to be home by five O'clock. As I was about to go into the house, the porch caved in. I screamed and my mother and father came running. The house began to rock back and forth. Before I could get up a flying timber hit me.

The streets are all full of bricks, and homeless people. There are two hundred people dead and four thousand hurt. It is doubtful when we will start school for the building was destroyed.

Your cousin,

Irene Kondeff

A STRANGE HAPPENING

A few months ago my brother got a wagon for his birthday. He would put it under the porch every night. This, he called his garage. An old lady used to come by our house with a large bundle of groceries. We noticed that every night when she came by, the wagon would be gone. The next morning, it would be there again. One night we stayed up to see who took the wagon and then brought it back.

About eight o'clock the gate opened with a squeak. We looked out of the window and saw the same old lady put her bundles in the wagon and take them home. The next morning the wagon was in the little garage; on it was a note and fifty cents. The note said: Please excuse me for taking the wagon every night. Take this fifty cents and keep it. Signed Mrs.--

My father said she was probably not strong enough to carry home the bundles every night.--George Yool H7z"

A KIND MAN

There was once a man who lived in Capitola, California. Every one called him "the stranger", because he was always so quiet. He would never talk to any one except the children. He was not home very often. Every day in the afternoon he would go out and not come home until evening. He loved the birds and other animals. He went every day to the parks and watched birds, and to the beaches to watch the sea gulls fly near to the water.

He saw a little bird on the beach with a broken wing. He picked the little bird up and took him home. As soon as he was home, he bathed the little bird's wing. As the warm water touched the bird's broken wing, the bird began to chirp and sing. The stranger made the bird a cage, and kept the little bird in it until he was well.

A week later he opened the cage and the bird flew about the house. It did not seem to want to go out of doors. Soon it ventured into the open. The stranger would leave the cage door open, and the bird would fly in and out of the cage every day. There came a day when there were birds all around the house. Every day he fed them bread. He was a very kind man and the feathered creatures loved him.--Cora Shirley H7z"

PIGTAILS AND BOYS

The sermon was very dry in the little village church. I sat on a bench with the other girls. My pigtails, which I had braided with care that morning, stood out straight and stiff behind. While the sermon was still getting drier someone grasped one of my pigtails and gave a short pull, and another followed. I turned around to find a group of boys giggling. All through the sermon I was bothered by these same boys. First one pigtail was pulled and then the other. How I wished my pigtails were cut off!

When the next Sunday came, I tucked two pins into each pigtail; and when the boys pulled my braids, a loud sound of "Ow!" startled the whole church. I felt rather guilty when the sermon stopped and the whole church stared toward the boys, but you may be sure the boys never troubled me again.

--Marie Kiefer L7y'

JAMES' SCARE

James awoke with a start. He was sure he had heard something. He raised himself upon his elbow and listened. James didn't want to disturb his parents because it might have been just a dream.

He slipped out of bed quietly, put on his bathrobe, and went downstairs to investigate. Into the living room, then the dining room, and he was just about to enter the kitchen when he stopped short. His heart beat rapidly. He had heard soft footsteps, and his head was whirling with thoughts of men creeping in the darkness.

James turned and made his way to his father's room. When his father had heard the story, he came to the kitchen, also; but, instead of turning around and running, he switched on the lights. There, under the table, was James' pup and the cookie jar on the floor.--Doris Lowe L7y'

Waves that thunder over the rocks,
Lying far below me,
Stir my soul with fear and awe
That only God can show me.

--Gwendolyn Colle L7y'

JIGGS AND JIMMIE

Jiggs is my dog; and can you guess how he got his name? Every night, when he went to bed, his nose became as red as a tomato. He has brown and white fur and his nose was funny to look at. Everybody (Well, almost everybody!) said that he was so homely and funny that he was cute. He is one and a half years old now and his nose still becomes red.

Jimmie is my cat, but he looks like a tiger with dark yellow stripes. When I go into the garden and have things put in the right places, he plays until he has them scattered everywhere. Every day he sits on the front porch waiting for me, and of course Jiggs is there, too.

Jiggs and Jimmie sleep together. When Jiggs goes to bed and Jimmie isn't there, Jiggs goes under the bedroom window and howls; and if Jimmie goes to bed and Jiggs isn't there he goes to the back door and meows.--Audrey Christopher L7y"

THE ORPHAN BOY

Once there was an orphan named Jim. He made his living by chopping and selling wood. One day, as Jim was chopping wood, he heard a roar and, turning, saw an airplane coming full force into the barn. Jim ran to the house and just as he reached the door he heard a crash. He turned and looked at the burning plane. Jim ran back and jumped into the wreck and pulled out the pilot. The pilot wore a badge with the letters printed on it "U. S. Mail". Jim thought and ran back to the plane and pulled out five bags of mail. Next he thought of the pilot, carried him into the house, gave him a drink of water, and bandaged him. When the pilot regained consciousness Jim took him to the hospital.

The next day a plane something like the wrecked one flew very low over his head and dropped a note which read, "Meet me at Lindy Airport without fail". Jim at once mounted his bicycle and rode to the port. When he arrived he was met by Mr. Stanford, the boss. Mr. Stanford looked Jim over and said, "I am very proud of you, my boy. I am rewarding you with a thousand dollars and a job". Jim nearly fell!

The next day Jim's bicycle had a flat tire but Jim was not late for work. In a week the boss grew fond of him and adopted him.--Nicholas Feduloff L7y"

MY BOAT RIDE

A boy friend of mine and I built a boat six feet long. We made a frame of quarter inch wood. My father gave us some canvas and we covered the frame. When it was finished we painted it green. Saturday we took it to the bay and tried it out. It floated well. Sunday morning we packed our lunch and left early in the morning. We stayed out all day and caught three fish. Now, we plan to go fishing every Saturday.

--Frank Heuer L7z'

UNEXPECTED SUCCESS

Saturday I went fishing. I was fishing about an hour when I decided to use a heavier line. I put some bait on the hooks and let the line down in the water. About ten minutes went by and I pulled the line up. To my surprise I had caught a crab and all the bait was gone. I put more bait on the line and put the crab in the water. When I started to throw the line in the water again one of the hooks sank in my finger. I gave a jerk and pulled the hook out.

A friend of mine came along. He had a net and we fished with the net and got some big crabs. When I got home I fixed my finger, while my mother cooked the crabs.

--Thomas Caretto L7z'

A DAY'S FISHING

Yesterday, I went fishing at the Berkeley Wharf. Two smaller boys went with me. We started where the water was about two feet deep. We went a little farther out and didn't catch any. So we moved back to where we had started fishing. I left my line down awhile and then went and played on the wharf. When I came back there was a crab on my line. I pulled him up and used him to tempt the fish to come around our lines. Then I moved over and fished between two piles. I told the smaller boys that I had a good bite. They rushed over to where I was and I pulled up a Rock Cod. I was so excited I started to throw him on the wharf but the line got caught on a spike and jerked the fish right off the hook, and I lost it. This was quite a disappointment.

--Albert Lawrence L7z'

SPRING-TIME

Spring is here!
Spring is here!
When all the blossoms grow on the trees.
The birds all sing!
We hear them singing in the breeze.
--Virginia Archuleta S7G

METAL SHOP

I like to work in metal shop. I am making a frying pan. I made a pancake turner and a card holder. We use them at home. I want to make a pair of book-ends.--Larry Leonard S7B

WHY I LIKE GYM

I would like to play in gym all day. I like basketball because it is so much fun. I like to go to gym because we have such a fine gym teacher.--Nick Lasagna S7B

OUR HISTORY LESSONS

Mr. McCaleb teaches S7B history. Some words are very hard for us but he takes time to explain them. We talk about the Americans coming to California. In 1848 a man named James Marshall discovered gold in California. Two men worked three weeks and made two thousand dollars.--Curtis Lee S7B

MY LITTLE BROTHER

I have a dear baby brother. We call him Junior. He likes to play with me after school. When someone comes to see us he says "ah-doo". He can play ball with our little black dog.--Mary Balestracci S7G

MY HOBBY

I like cooking better than anything else. I like to make cake and cookies. They taste fine. Cooking is lots of fun.
--Helen Butterfield S7G

R. AMESBURY.

BURBANK DIARY--SCHOOL EVENTS

January 3. TERM OPENED. Burbank starts manufacturing plant--famous manufactures of engineers, accountants, typists, baseball players, et cetera, began work this morning. Seventh and ninth grades answer bell by assembling in auditorium. Eighth grades met in girls' gymnasium. Mr. Standley gave a short talk on "Working for Honors and Awards". Grade counselors assigned pupils to their classrooms.
BESTOWAL OF HONORS AND AWARDS. A special assembly is called by Mr. Standley. Dr. Lewis Smith, our school superintendent, talked to us on "The Meaning of Honors and Awards". All students meriting them, received their emblems. The Outdoor and Indoor Traffic Officers were sworn in by Officer Frasier of the Berkeley Police Department. Officers of Burbank Court were also installed in office.
HAPPENINGS IN SHOP. Mr. Frick started shop by having the boys do ten plates of drawing of different things that can be made in shop.
MISS SANTOS' L7 ART CLASS. Discussed past art experiences, saw L7 drawings. Began lettering. Exact drawing comes hard; L7's persevere. Traveling exhibit fine.
OCCUPATIONAL HISTORY. Brief outline given of the term's work. In an age where mechanical man is replacing so many workers, need for study of occupations is important.
GIRL SCOUTS. The Girl Scout Troop was organized in 1931. Some of the present leaders are: Mrs. Beatrice Hall, Mrs. Val Daniels, and Mrs. Ruth Pape, who is the president. Requirements for flying flag were studied.

January 9. MANNING ENTERTAINMENT. Pupils enjoy rare treat of entertaining Chalk-talk on South America by Mr. Kenneth Manning, an efficiency expert on drawing and talking at the same time. He enthralled us with his vivid tales and pictures of native life and agriculture. Starting with a drawing of a native spearing a snake, rapidly changing it by lines portraying the Amazon River and Brazil, it developed into a picture of an ancient Aztec. Drawing succeeded drawing until we had received through his fine pictures and interesting lecture, a much fuller appreciation of the South American continent.
GIRL SCOUTS. Picked out nature fields to study, and also learned eight points of the compass.

STAMP CLUB. The Stamp Club members read newspapers, magazine clippings and traded stamps, at several meetings.
OCCUPATIONAL HISTORY. Hunted for one hundred jobs connected with raising and care of plants and animals. General nature of work given. Efforts were then directed beneath the earth. Listed and explained fifty important occupations found in mining.
STUDENT COUNCIL. The meeting was called to order by the president, Roy Saarni, and a suggestion for allowing the boys to go into the gymnasium when they come to school early, was made.
L7 ART CLASS. Monograms for friends and family; best one on portfolio, colored. Development of American civilization in picture and slogan.
FIRST NE"S PUBLISHED. Friday, the 13th, not unlucky for the News Staff, for the first News was published in good style.

January 16. MR. GREENLEAF, MONOLOGUIST. Impersonated the principal characters in Rip Van Winkle. With great versatility changes his voice from that of a child to an aged adult, and next moment we hear the shrewish voice of Dame Van Winkle. Reliving this delightful story, we enjoy it to the fullest extent.
GIRL SCOUTS. Very busy learning how to tie tenderfoot knots.
GIRL RESERVES. First meeting of S. O. S. Club of the Girl Reserves with president, LaVerne Correa. A discussion followed as to what the project for this term's club would be. We finally decided to have a play. Played games.
STUDENT COUNCIL. Meeting called to order by Clotilda Gaiato, Vice-President. Roll call taken. Talk on the betterment of the school, and what was required of the Student Council Representatives, given by Mr. Frick.

January 23. FIRST AID DEMONSTRATION. Dr. Marshall, with the assistance of six boy scouts, shows proper handling of injured person. Adequate knowledge during emergencies save many lives.
GIRL RESERVES. Girl Reserves called to order by Zuola Wilson. She read a play, "Grandmother and Cupid", which we decided to give. The characters were chosen. Grandmother, Mary Brownlee; Betty, Dorothy Price; and Richard, Lucille Flaming. Our news-reporter is Dolores Carbine.
ASSEMBLIES. Mrs. Murphy's physical education classes entertained juniors and seniors with folk dances.

JUNIOR GIRLS' GLEE CLUB. The club has forty members. They are practicing very hard, so they may learn many new songs. They sang two songs at the Dads' Club meeting which was in the evening. The songs were: Serenade of Spain, Newton; and Song of Home, Towner.
ORCHESTRA. Entertained for Fathers' Night program. This was our first performance of the term, with many new members. Many complements were received. The numbers played were: Teamwork, Ribble; and Spanish Serenade, Lamatin.
JUNIOR BOYS' GLEE CLUB. Gives first entertainment for Fathers' Night, held January 27. The selections sung were: Home on the Range, Peery; and The Flag of Our United States, Fuenter.

The members are: George Bancroft, Gilbert Grady, Rodman Leonard, Aldo Brigante, Maurice Viramontes, Manual Casteneda, Jack Anderson, Clifford Mackel, Donald White, Pierre Loustalet, Charles Gaston, Robert Harrison, Arthur Belmont.
OCCUPATIONAL HISTORY. Listed and explained one hundred jobs which carried animate and inanimate objects, from one place to another. Plants, animals and minerals are raw materials which must be changed into usuable products. These processes are called manufacturing and building trades. Listed and explained one hundred types of work.

January 30. STAMP CLUB. Today we read the geography of stamps and found it very interesting.
OCCUPATIONAL HISTORY. Finished and raw products must be sold. This great class of jobs consists of selling and of keeping records. We studied fifty.
FIRST UNLIMITED GAME. The first girls' basketball game of the year was played by the unlimited team against Willard at Burbank. The score was 31 to 27 in our favor. It was the best and most exciting game that we have ever played.
GIRLS' FIRST 115 LB. GAME. This game was played at Willard. The score was 28 to 31 in Willard's favor.

February 6. SECOND UNLIMITED GAME FOR GIRLS. The game was played at Garfield and we were defeated 28 to 37.
IN THE SECOND 115 LB. GAME. Garfield girls defeated us by the close score of 16 to 14.
GIRL RESERVES. Practice was needed as the play was just a week away. Refreshments were considered and then the meeting was adjourned.

STUDENT COUNCIL. The meeting was called to order. A suggestion for having student body cards was brought up, and a committee was appointed to look into the matter. Mr. Standley said that the yard in back of the boys' gym will be fenced and paved sometime this spring.

OCCUPATIONAL HISTORY. Working for Uncle Sam is an interesting field of good occupations. Seventy-five important ones. Learn how to study an occupation by reading, observation, conversation, radio lectures, shopwork, slides, motion pictures, and stereoscopes.

LAST GIRLS' UNLIMITED GAME. The Edison unlimited team beat us 21 to 23, leaving us with two lost games and one won.

The captain of the unlimited team this season was Clotilda Gaiato H9y'. The other members of the team were: Mary Archibald, Olga Biagi, Ethel Hagan, Thelma Lake, Jean McEvoy, Noel Minnis, Anna Parker, Ruby Risch, and Henrietta Smith. The substitutes were: Mavis Bishop, Blanche Cornetti, Theresa Ghiorso, Alice Goth, Madeline Martinez, Clara Nelson, Caroline Pastana, Audrey Sanchez, Hillka Tuovinen, Elaine Wheat, Catherine Donahue, Marjorie Powers, and Anne Corso.

LINCOLN DAY PROGRAM. Members of the G. A. R. were the guests of honor. A safety message was brought to us by Mr. John V. Brereton, Secretary of Berkeley Safety Traffic Commission. Explanation of the exhibit of Civil War relics was made by Nels Hamberg, H8y'. Mr. John H. Kimball talked to us on "Abraham Lincoln". The assembly sang "Old Black Joe", and "Dixie".

L8 ART. Make powerful patriotic posters, some urging us to buy. For Mothers' day, blotter pads are to be made. Design triangular corners.

February 13. GIRL RESERVES. Gave a play and a party at the Y. W. C. A. Cottage. We played many games and then refreshments were served.

STAMP CLUB. We learned something about a Daniel Webster stamp. It was a very amusing trick. Take this stamp, turn it upside down, and place a piece of paper over the mouth. Then you will have the fun of seeing a Chinaman's face.

H9 TYPING CLASS. Speedy Thelma Lake gets the first black dot on the high nine typing honor roll, for typing thirty-five to thirty-nine words a minute for ten minutes.

Slowly but surely, the high nine class will reach the standard for typing addresses on envelopes.

APPRECIATION ISSUE. The Burbank News for this week was published as an appreciation of Mr. Standley, as he had been with us exactly three years.

February 20. METAL SHOP DRAWINGS FINISHED. All the boys finished their drawings in shop, and started to go to work on their jobs, which made them very excited, because they all wanted to make something. There are many different kinds of shops in Mr. Frick's department.
FIRST GIRLS' 105 LB. GAME. The 105 lb. team defeated Willard in their first game. The score was 20 to 17.
THE GIRL RESERVES. Kept busy making leis for the show to be given March 25, at the Y. W. C. A. Cottage. The meeting was adjourned at 4:15.
STUDENT COUNCIL MEETS. The meeting was called to order, and a suggestion made that while the yard in back of the gym was being paved and fenced, a tennis court should be erected. The committee on student body cards reported that the pupils were in favor of having them.
OTHER SCHOOLS HELP JUNIOR RED CROSS. Emerson and John Muir are helping the Community Chest. Le Conte sent money and valentines to a sick boy. Berkeley High School has made five hundred jig-saw puzzles for the Vererans' Hospital. Burbank has made valentines and is sending letters to a boy in Guam.
FEATHERWEIGHTS DEFEATED. The 95 lb. girls lost their game with the disappointing score of 4 to 20. They played Willard, at Willard.
METAL SHOP. John Tomelty and Ralph Waisman made the shop Ford run! It hadn't been started for about five or six terms.

February 27. GIRL RESERVES. The meeting of the Girl Reserves was called to order by Mary Brownlee. The meeting was then turned over to Margaret Gregg. Work on the leis was continued.
ONE AND ONLY, TIE GAME. The only tie game for the girls' season was played by the 105 lb. team at Garfield. The score was 13 all. Was that lucky or unlucky?
WASHINGTON'S DAY PROGRAM. The L7y" class present a play, "The Declaration of Independence", adapted from a play by Augusta Stevenson. Four acts: Act I, Paul Revere warns members of the Continental Congress; Act II, Continental Congress meets at Liberty Hall, Philadelphia; Act III, Street Scene, Liberty Hall. Some representative Colonial citizens await decision of

Congress and message of Liberty Bell; Act IV, Hamilton, Jefferson, the Adams, and others, initiate a federal bank system, and political party system. Organize a new republic with Washington as first president.

OCCUPATIONAL HISTORY. Pupils select occupations from each class and give oral report on nature of work, qualifications necessary for success, advantages, and disadvantages. Then preparation and training were discussed along with demand and importance.

GIRLS' 105 POUND TEAM. The captain of the 105 lb. team was Catherine Bianchetta. The other players were: Panoria Anagnos, Margaret Bertlin, Nancy Bonnano, Betty Jane Cawley, Eleanor Fox, Gladys French, Helen Hansen, Sylvia Kallio, Betty Powers, Margaret Pyron, Lorraine Schott, Dorothy Soo, Marion Urch, and Sylvia Nilsson. The substitutes were: Italia Bonasera, Lillian Brown, Virginia Crockett, Elaine Ross, Gwendolyn Holstein, Adele Lacombe, Bernice Larriapa, Ruth Nelson, Peggy Peterson, Rosemary Pittman, and Audrey Roth.

L7 ART. Form drawing based on cubes becomes "A Modern City". Angular perspective helps L7's build a mission and environment. We need mountains, trees, and people to finish the drawings.

SECOND GREAT DEFEAT. The 95 lb. team were again defeated by Garfield, the score being 20 to 40.

March 6. 105's LOSE FIRST GAME. The last game of the 105's was their only lost one. The score was 13 to 16 in Edison's favor. They were the only girls' team to win two out of three games.

STUDENT COUNCIL MEETS. The meeting was called to order. A suggestion was made that we have more assemblies, and more slides put on the screen, and have community singing.

PENROD AND SAM. The pupils of the H9 were given their parts to try out for the graduation play.

LIBRARY. During the week of March 10, there were a few new books that came to the library. They were: The Romantic Rebel, Marsha; The Little Russian Girl; and Children of the Soil.

ATTENDANCE CHECK SHOWS RESULTS. The spring weather seems to improve the attendance as there are not as many absent this week as last.

SENIOR GIRLS' GLEE. Gave selections on Sunday evening at the Westbrae Community Baptist Church. Among the songs they sang were, "I Salute Thee Old Glory," and "The Vow".

GIRL RESERVES. Margaret Gregg told us about the Girl Reserve pin and what had to be done in order to obtain it. We worked on the leis for the fashion show until adjournment.

ARBOR DAY PROGRAM. Introduction . . . . . Roy Saarni H9y'
Song, "Spring Song". . . . . .School
Quotations from Luther Burbank . . . . . .The L7y' Class
Slides illustrated the life of Luther Burbank
Song, "Trees", by Joyce Kilmer . . . . . .Seventh Grade Choral
Recitations. . . . . .The L9y" Class
"Do You Fear the Wind?"--Hamlin Garland
"Spring Morning"--Milne
"The Year's at the Spring"--Browning
Song, "America, the Beautiful" . . . . . .School
Tree Planting. . Led by Roy Saarni H9y', and Vernon Pitts L7y'

BOYS' GYMNASIUM. The boys' gymnasium was beautified by the planting of evergreen trees on Arbor Day. The following day, the student boy council recommended that a lawn should be planted about the building.

March 13. TRYOUTS. The H9's had their tryouts for the different parts in the graduation play, Penrod, by Tarkington.

The ones receiving the parts were:

Mr. Schofield, Penrod's father — Cyril Read, Richard Swope
Mrs. Schofield, Penrod's mother — Gladys Maas, Virginia Crockett
Mrs. Bassett, Georgie's mother — Noel Ninnis, Thelma Lake
Georgie Bassett, the little gentleman — Harry Mellin, Stewart Horton
Mr. Jones, Marjorie's father — Ronald Collins, Werner Rose
Marjorie Jones, Penrod's girl friend — Carmelita Mendez, Elaine Blake
Penrod Schofield, mischievous little imp — Frank Wells, Gabriel Rapozo
Sam Williams, Penrod's chum — Oliver Irons, William Chapman
Bob Williams, a friend of Margaret — Arthur Lappinen, Robert Eaton
Mrs. Williams, Sam's mother — Zona Thomas, Catherine Bianchetta
Mr. Dade, the love-sick gentleman — Oliver Lowe, Maurice Teixeira
Margaret Schofield, Penrod's sister — Dorothy Shelton, Gladys French
Della, Schofield's cook — Frances Mautz, Audrey Roth
Tim, a friend of Della — Jack Jasper, Eugene Stark

Jarge, Della's nephew — Robert Amesbury, George Macdonald
Herman, little colored boy — Stanley Connors, Harry Cook
Verman, little colored boy — Vern Hawkins, Peter Guniberti
Mr. Combs, the chief of police — Jack Stricker, Edwin Miller
Mr. Kinsoling, the new minister — Leo Garner, Albert Bendito

There are two persons for each part in the play. That is because this play is to be presented two times in one week, once on Thursday afternoon, May fourth, and Friday evening, May fifth.

The admission price is to be twenty-five cents.

THE WIZARD. The first page of the Wizard was mimeographed by H9 girls. It was the frontispiece drawing.

JUNIOR BOYS' GLEE CLUB. Busy learning songs and practising some of the old ones.

GIRL RESERVES. Called to order by LaVerne Correa, president. We decided what month we wanted to represent in the All Day Junior Girl Reserves Conference, April 15. After deciding on May, we had a good time playing several games.

TENNIS. The game that was played on the fourteenth was won by Clotilda Gaiato. She played against Ruth Rungo.

BURBANK COURT. Chief of police, Walter Benson bailiff, Edwin Miller, and the recording secretary, Gladys Maas, are going to make a set of rules so as to keep the incoming L7's from getting into court. When the L7's come into court, they say they do not know the rules. This will help Burbank to keep children from getting so many tickets.

BAND AT MARE ISLAND. Chaplain James L. Day invited the band to play at the United States Naval Hospital at Mare Island, Sunday, March 19. Faculty members and friends of Burbank took the band members to Mare Island. By special arrangements, the caravan just paid half fare at the bridge. On arrival at the island, the band was directed to the church and played two selections at the morning service.

Then the boys had "Chow" with the navy in the sailors' mess hall. It was very nice of the men to wait until the boys had their trays filled. Chow consisted of roast pork, mashed potatoes and gravy, soup, asparagus and ice cream. Very good!

Immediately after, the band gave an open air concert near enough to the hospital for the patients to enjoy.

After the concert, following Commander Day's automobile, the band and the faculty were conducted on an interesting tour of the island. Going down in a submarine was an unusual

experience. In the park we saw many kinds of naval guns, anchors, propellers, and torpedoes. Many of these guns came from very famous battles. One of the guns was taken from the ship, "Independence". There were two different kinds of torpedoes, a spar torpedo and an ordinary torpedo. Chaplain Day explained many things to us, for which we are very grateful.

Each member of both the band and the faculty, thank Commander Day and other members of the navy for the perfect day.

March 22. A CONTEST. Indoor Traffic boys met the Outdoor Traffic Squad in a baseball game in the boys' gym. The Outdoor Traffic Squad won the baseball game, 13 to 10. There was much encouragement from the girls and the boys who made up the rooting section.

BASEBALL. Rain! No practice.

TENNIS AND HANDBALL There are courts at Franklin, Kenney and San Pablo Park, for those who are trying out for tennis. Many girls have signed up and the schedules is posted in the hall. Franklin School has three hand ball courts to practice on. The directors are willing to teach Burbank girls the rules. No high nine girls have signed up yet.

TYPING CLASS. Ethel Hagan gets second black dot in typing class chart. Thirty-five to thirty-nine net words!

SENIOR GIRLS' GLEE SING. The assembly enjoys the selections: "Texas Cowboy", and "Home on the Range".

LIBRARY. Miss McAllister is working very hard with the H9 classes to help them succeed with their career books this term. She may get us some old magazines and old pamphlets so that we may use them for our books. The pupils appreciate everything she is doing for us.

TOY VILLAGE. H9 artists made the village of designed people, trees, houses, animals, and flowers. It is on the same order as the Persian prints, having land forms up to the top of the page instead of showing the sky. It is flat, having no perspective. This is somewhat on the order of a map.

HIGH NINE CHORUS. The boys and girls of the ninth chorus sang in the assembly Thursday. The songs of the Golden West, with pictures on the screen, with the whole assembly singing in on the chorus were fine. The chorus is going to sing at the Safety Council Meeting, Friday night, March 31, 1933. The songs they are going to sing are: "By the Waters of the Minnetonka", and the "Millwheel".

SURPRISE ASSEMBLY. Miss Hartley, Music Supervisor, brought Mr. Hartley (no relation) who entertained us with cleverly played harmonica music.

STUDENT COUNCIL MEETS. The meeting was called to order. There were no suggestions from the floor at this meeting.

BASEBALL. Burbank defeated Edison, 8 to 6.

WOOD SHOP IMPROVED. There has been a lot of changing of machinery in woodshop. Two electricians have done away with all the old wiring, which was very dangerous, and installed new and safe wiring. All the machinery has been shifted to one side of the room. The whole shop has been enlarged. The tearing down of the Mechanical drawing room and the moving of the lockers has made the shop one of the best equipped school shops.

GIRLS' TENNIS REPORT. Shanahan defeated Wheat at tennis at San Pablo Park. On that same day Norden defeated Kriever. On the following day, Connors beat Byron at James Kenney Park, as Gaiato defeated Runge at Franklin. On March 16, Ghiorso was victor over Lowe at James Kenney Park. The next day DeLorenzo defeated Pastana at Franklin. On the 20th, Goring was the winner when she played Urch at James Kenney. The 21st found Taylor the winner when she played Young at Franklin. Stiles defeated Trumpf at Franklin on the 22nd.

OUTDOOR TRAFFIC. Played the Indoor Traffic boys at indoor baseball. This was a fast game. Walter Benson pitched for Indoor Traffic. Tony Reyes pitched for Outdoor Traffic. The Outdoor Traffic boys won 11 to 9. We are going to have a return game in two weeks.

TYPING CLASS. Gladys French and Helen Hanson get the next black dots in the typing class.

BURBANK BAND. The band played in Junior Assembly today. The entire program was musical under the direction of Miss Gilbert and Mr. Hobbs.

JUNIOR GIRLS' GLEE. Gave a musical program: "Spring"--Gounod, "Four Leaf Clover"--Spencer, "Barcarolle"--Offenbach, from Tales of Love by Hoffman.

METAL SHOP. The boys in auto shop started to make the Ford in shop run, by working and testing all the machinery around it. It has turned out to be a wonder. This Ford has not been started for quite a while. Mr. Frick is still wondering if some human brain made it run by really fixing it, or if it started by a miracle.

BURBANK COURT. The Burbank Court is one of the best organized traffic units of its kind. Miss Glover, H9 counselor, has complete charge of the court and traffic organization. Under her, is the chief of ploice. He has charge of the officers on duty. Under the chief of police, are a number of lieutenants.
OCCUPATIONAL HISTORY. Work is started on the "Career Books". Today in class we learned how to make an attractive book. Information was given as to title page, frontispiece, contents, dedication, preface, appendix, margins, illustrations, and bibliography.
L7 ART. Draw circus scenes from models and imagination; use triad colors. L7s "on our own", drawing from machines, toys, models. We work and have lots of fun. Spring blossoms, hyacinths, tulips, plants, are in use in L7 art classes. A box of animals and other models, add fresh interest.

March 27. BOYS' GYMNASIUM. A man started to dig the ground and prepare the soil for planting. The lawn will be planted by April 3.
LIBRARY. For the week of March 27 there was nothing new that happened over at the library. Miss McAllister is assisting the pupils of the H9 classes in finding subject material and succeeding very well.
GIRL RESERVES. Enjoyed skit read by Zuola Wilson called, "When Mother Bakes an Angel Cake". The characters were chosen, and parts were assigned.
STAMP CLUB. Discussed "Old Ironsides" and the stamps used at that time. We also traded stamps.
WEEKLY TEST IN WOODSHOP. At the beginning of the spring term, Mr. Williams tried out a new method in teaching the boys. Every Friday the boys have to hand in a written test concerning different subjects. At present we are studying boat building, the kinds of wood used to build one, and to know thirty kinds of different wood by sight. We must also be able to repair an old chair. Sometime during the term, we will bring an old chair which is not in good condition, and repair it.
METAL SHOP. Some of the boys are making knives and some are working on the forge. They have assembled old auto motors and have painted them. Mr. Frick and some of the boys are making a new bench.
115 LB. TEAM. Ann Trumpf was the captain of the team this semester. Other players were: Jeanette Alpers, Thelma Donato,

Phyllis Johnson, Shirley Johnson, May Jean Lueckfeld, Consuela Martinez, Grace Medes, Carmelita Mendes, Lucille Moore, Alice Peutz, Helen Sundell, and Mary Odello. The substitutes were: Florence Ames, Barbara Archer, Betty Borcher, Ruth Clark, Onerva Frake, Edna Gardiner, Janet Henneman, Gladys O'Brian, Anna Peutz, Merlene Scott, and Katherine Young.

BURBANK COURT. The officials have decided that all children coming into court for jaywalking, must stay forty minutes and walk back and forth from the library ten times and touch the University and Curtis Avenue corner every time.

CAFETERIA. Much to our sorrow, Mrs. Garrison of the cafeteria has left us, and is now going to take boarders in her home. She will not be back. We will miss her and expecially the sweet smile that always greeted us during the lunch period.

BASEBALL. Burbank defeated Edison 9 to 2.

STUDENT COUNCIL MEETS. There were very few announcements. The subjects discussed were: bringing in problems that arose in the class rooms, and having a traffic monitor at the side door by the nurse's room.

SENIOR GIRLS' GLEE ENTERTAINS. To-night the Senior Girls' Glee Club sings for the traffic boys' meeting. Two of the songs are: "By the Waters of the Minnetonka", and "The Mill Wheel".

NINTH GRADE ART WORK. It was decided that the map which the ninth grades were working on, be changed to murals: One of a toy village, another of a circus, and the third of a desert. Borders were made and houses selected. Eleanor Fox did the copying from the patterns to the mural in charcoal.

H8y" CLASS ENTERTAIN SENIOR ASSEMBLY. An amusing farce, "The Old Sleuth". Three boys who imagined themselves to be great detectives, nearly frightened the girls to death. The climax came when a boy slipped the arm of "Bony Bill", the skeleton, around a girl to scare her from the physiology room. He surely succeeded--much to the amusement of the audience.

April 3. JUNIOR BOYS' GLEE CLUB. Busily prepare songs for the Open House program, and hope to sing at the Rivoli Theater.

CAFETERIA. The new worker is Mrs. Hendrish and we like her very much. She is sweet and kind and works rapidly. She worked last term in the kitchen and did very fine work there. Although we miss Mrs. Garrison very much, we like Mrs. Hendrich, her successor.

INDOOR TRAFFIC. Miss Glover, the head of the Indoor Traffic Squad, has decided that the traffic squad must be cut from sixty-five down to forty.
STAMP CLUB. Today we had two rare stamps. All the members, except one, wanted them. We studied and guessed the number of words, in the number of letters, on the face of the stamps. The ones that came the closest were given the stamps.
RED CROSS SENDS LATEST REPORTS! John Muir, Garfield and Willard are trying to raise money to help the Community Chest. Washington School has written letters to Guam. Burbank has given twenty-five cards. Whittier sent twenty-five birthday cards to the Veterans' Hospital in Livermore. Hillside sent toys and letters to Guam. Berkeley Schools sent one hundred-two jig-saw puzzles to Veterans' Hospital.
BURBANK COURT. One of the best traffic courts of its kind. From January 5, 1933 to April 5, 1933 about one hundred ninty-two cases have been tried. Nine out of every ten cases are found guilty.
GIRL RESERVES. Practiced on their play to be given at the All Day Conference, April 15, at the Y. W. C. A. Cottage.
STUDENT COUNCIL. A discussion concerning the girls staying in their own part of the yard. A request was made to have all representatives bring in suggestions from their class rooms.
ART WORK FOR L8 CLASS. Blotter pads for Mothers' Day. Design triangular corners.

April 17. TENNIS GAMES. Connors defeated Norden and Mary Dimmick was the referee. They played at James Kenney Park. On April 6, Fisk defeated Loebs. DeLorenzo was the referee. At San Pablo Park, April 15, Immonen defeated Whitney and Alpers refereed the game. On April 17, Dimmick was the referee. On April 18, Stoot lost to Garing at San Pablo Park; Crockett refereed. April 21, Nilsson lost to Lansing; Dimmick was referee.
STUDENT COUNCIL. The business from the floor was to have student body cards, and the president and vice-president are to see Mr. Standley.
CAFETERIA. Beginning in April, there has been the great idea of having orange juice cards whereby you can buy five glasses of orange juice for twenty cents. Following this new idea, came the idea of having sold in Pops Inn, "Chilly Bears", and "Drumsticks". "Chilly Bears" are ice with coloring such as root-beer, lime, strawberry, lemon, chocolate, and orange.

April 24. METAL SHOP. There is a very interesting exhibit for Open House Week, with many different articles displayed. Some boys are to work during the time visitors are here.
BURBANK NEWS. The Burbank News celebrated the arrival of Old Ironsides and Easter. These events were enjoyed by everybody.
L7 ART. Paint "X" drawings and hope parents will enjoy "x-hibition". Design is easy when form has been learned.
BASEBALL. Garfield defeated Burbank and won the championship of the junior high schools of Berkeley. Garfield won from Burbank by scores of 2-1 and 19-6.
HOUSEHOLD ART. There was a fine exhibit for Open House Night, in the sewing room. Beautiful dresses, lingerie, blouses, and clothes for infants and children were displayed. A Fashion Show was held in the Assembly. There were charming frocks, and colorful pajamas worn by their makers. This caused considerable interest and enthusiastic praise.
HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE. The girls acted as hostesses on Friday evening and served their guests cookies that they had made, and tea. Their hospitality was appreciated by all.
BOYS' GYMNASIUM. At Open House Night, Indoor Traffic and Outdoor Traffic were engaged in a baseball game. Indoor Traffic won the game. The Boys' Tumbling Club demonstrated their ability by doing stunts. L7z played a volley ball game.
GIRLS' TUMBLING CLUB. The girls entertained at the Physical Education program for Open House Night.
ASSEMBLY PROGRAM. Our assembly would not accomodate all of the guests who came to hear the fine program presented Friday evening. The Burbank Orchestra, Junior Girls' Glee Club, Junior Boys' Glee Club, and L9 Chorus, all presented numbers and were at their best. A dance, Tarantella, was given by the L8y' class, and an Interpretive Dance by the H9 classes. An interesting feature was, "Moving Pictures of the Activities of the Berkeley Schools," interpreted by Mr. H. N. McClellan.

May 1. H9 ART. The H9 art class started on a village mural near the beginning of March. This type of work has lasted seven weeks. The idea originated from the old Persian prints. The subjects are: the circus, and a village mural, each worked on two dimentional planes. The murals were worked on wrapping paper. Poster paint and silver were used.

Most pupils from the art class used their study periods to work on the village mural. These pupils will receive ser-

vice honors for their extra work.

Mrs. Most and Miss Moskow directed it, Miss Moskow being our assistant art teacher. Miss Moskow and several girls worked all day on the Saturday before vacation. Miss Moskow brought lunch, and all worked rather late that night.

BOY SCOUTS. We now have a new scout master. Mr. O'Neil had to give up the work, so Mr. Searles has taken charge.

GIRLS' TENNIS TEAMS. Tuesday, 1st doubles, Clara Nelson and Hilda Immonen, won two sets from Garfield. The score was 8-6, and 6-4. In the second doubles, Evelyn Torreno and Betty Shanahan lost their games, 6-0, and 6-1. Garfield won. Thursday, 1st single, Clotilda Gaiato, won her games from Garfield, 6-2, and 6-4. Ruth Lansing, 2nd single, lost to Garfield 8-6, in Burbank's favor, and 2-6 and 7-5 in favor of Garfield. All three games were battles. Jean McEvoy, 2nd single lost to Garfield, 6-4 and 6-2.

BOYS' TENNIS TEAMS. Tuesday, 1st doubles, Frank Wells, and Jack Stricker, lost to Garfield, 6-3 and 6-2. Jack Sexton, and James Proctor, 2nd doubles, lost to Garfield, 6-1 in favor of Garfield, 5-7 in Burbank's favor, and 6-1 in Garfield's favor. Thursday, Wilbur Mann, 1st single, lost to Garfield, 6-4, and 6-3. George Saunders, 2nd single, won from Garfield, 8-6, and 6-2. Julian Holback, 3rd single, lost to Garfield 6-1, and 6-3.

H9 PLAY. "Penrod" was given Thursday afternoon by the H9y" cast, and Friday night by the H9y' cast. It was very enjoyable and both groups covered themselves with glory. After deducting expenses and royalty, our profit was thirty-five dollars.

GIRL SCOUTS. Disbanded until the opening of school in August.

L8z ART. Made books; use designed papers.

GIRL RESERVES. Planned a picnic at Cozy Cove. We decided on what kind of fruit and sandwiches we could have.

May 8. STAMP CLUB. We discussed plans for a trip to Berkeley High School, where Mr. McAllister has a stamp club. We traded stamps and read an article from the Tribune.

GIRLS' TENNIS. Clara Nelson and Hilda Immonen, the 1st doubles, won from Edison, 6-1 and 6-1. Evelyn Torreno and Betty Shanahan, the 2nd doubles, won from Edison, 6-4 and 6-4 in Burbank's favor and 1-6 in Edison's favor. Clara and Hilda won at Willard, so are city champions.

BURBANK JUNIOR HI Y. During Easter vacation, the Burbank Junior Hi Y went on a hike to the Sequoia Park. They had a fine time both going and coming. When they returned, they went swimming at the Y. M. C. A. Burbank is the only junior high school in Berkeley that is having a Junior High Y group. The Burbank boys have some of their best times in the High Y. Every week they have games and swimming at the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Frick enjoys the High Y just as much as the boys do.

GIRL RESERVES. Special meeting. Our inter-club representatives told us that there would be a Pin and Ring Representation, May 26.

GIRLS' TENNIS. Clotilda Gaiato, 1st singles won from Edison, 6-0, Burbank's favor, 6-2, Edison's favor, and 6-0 in favor of Burbank. Ruth Lansing, 2nd singles, won from Edison, 6-3, and 6-0. Jean McEvoy, 3rd singles, won from Edison, 6-1, and 6-1.

BOYS' TENNIS. Frank Wells and Jack Stricker, 1st doubles, lost to Edison, 1-8, and 7-5. Jack Sexton, and Jas. Proctor, 2nd doubles, won from Edison, 6-3, and 7-5. Wilbur Mann, 1st single, won from Edison, 3-6 in Edison's favor, 6-0 in Burbank's favor, and 6-3 in Burbank's favor. George Saunders, 2nd single, won from Edison, 7-6, and 6-2. Julian Holback, 3rd single, won from Edison, 6-3, and 6-0.

CUTE LITTLE "NIFTY". We were happy to have with us, Mr. George F. Blood and his lively little dog, "Nifty", who entertained us with the most daring and also very amusing tricks.

L8 ART. Design, make tea tiles; make lamp frames, design, make shades.

OCCUPATIONAL HISTORY. Each pupil is studying a vocation and will make a report to the class.

BOY SCOUTS. The boys had a week-end trip. They went out in the Contra Costa hills, having a very nice time.

May 15. BURBANK ORCHESTRA. Seventeen members of the Orchestra were entertained at dinner and then rendered a splendid program for the Grand Army of the Republic. The pieces played were: "March Militaire," by Schubert, "Stephanie Gavotte", by Czibulka, "Flags of Truce," by Laurendeau, "Around the Campfire", by Seredy, and "Masterbilt Overture", by Alford.

GIRL RESERVES. We discussed plans for a picnic and finally decided to wait until the next time to finish the discussion.

H8 CHORUS. For the P. T. A. sang "Country Gardens," "Fair Cuba", and the "Clang of the Forge". Colored slides were used

to illustrate the songs, and bells were used also with "The Clang of the Forge".

BURBANK BAND. The Outdoor Traffic Squad, led by the Burbank Band and fourteen Burbank pupils serving as flag bearers, were participants in the G. A. R. parade centering at the Veterans' Memorial Building.

BURBANK PARTICIPATES IN "MELTING POT". Our pupils took part in this performance given for the entertainment of G. A. R. veterans. "The Melting Pot" was given by people representing the different nationalities in Berkeley. Francisco Lopez, representing Mexico, played a violin solo, "Souvenir". Phyllis Conner was his accompanist.

JUNIOR RED CROSS. Our representative, Sylvia Kallio, brought a new delegate, Helen Johnson, for the Junior Red Cross. The schools made their reports and the delegates were asked to sign their names. The secretary, who is from Edison, read the minutes and some articles from a magazine. Miss Fannie McLean next gave some ideas as to what the new delegates were supposed to do. The president discussed questions concerning the Junior Red Cross.

BURBANK NEWS. Congratulates Mr. Standley on receiving his advanced degree, that of Doctor of Education, at the University of California Commencement, Friday, May 12.

BURBANK ORCHESTRA. Played Thursday evening for the first Rivoli Theater Party. Nola Caprio and Dolores Cartine, played a selection entitled Estralitta. The program ended with the orchestra playing "National Emblem", by Bagley.

BURBANK BAND. Gave a fine performance at the Rivoli Theater, Friday night. Oliver Irons and Sidney Morris played a trumpet duet.

INDOOR TRAFFIC. This was the next to the last meeting of the squad. First was the changing of officers. Group A relieved Group B. There also was planned, the game to be played between the indoor and outdoor traffic boys.

BOY SCOUTS. Held a meeting. In this meeting there is certain work which they must do such as: first aid instruction and drills, compass work, semephores (signals) and many other features of scout activities. Plans were made for the party.

SENIOR CHORUS. Sun at the Rivoli. Two songs illustrated with colored slides. They sang Ciribiribin by Pastalozza, and The Glowworm by Lincke. The glimmering glowworms were actually seen among the chorus.

JUNIOR GLEE CLUBS. Sang at the Rivoli. The girls sang two songs: "Song of Home" by Toroner, and "Wings of Song" by Mendelssohn. The boys also sang two songs: "Pirates' Song", and "Toast to the Flag".

May 22. RECEPTION TO INCOMING LOW SEVENS. In order to introduce new pupils to Burbank, a reception was held in honor of incoming L7's. Burbank's seventh grade pupils were hosts to the guests, numbering approximately one hundred twenty. They were entertained by a twenty minute program, after which they visited the various classes and saw them in progress. Refreshments were served in conclusion of the entertainment.
OUTDOOR TRAFFIC. Field Day is the last day on which the squad is on duty. After this event, there will be no more meetings.
THE HIGH Y BALL GAME. The Burbank Junior High Y, had a baseball game at the main Y. M. C. A. They played the Y of the West Berkeley District. It was a very exciting game. The final score was 11 to 12 in favor of the Burbank High Y. After that, the boys went for a swim in the Y tank, there being about thirty boys participating in the swim.
GIRLS' HANDBALL. May 2, Sylvia Jokinen and Consuela Martinez, doubles, played their first game with Garfield and lost 14-16, 15-9, and 3-15. May 4, Verne Perrigo, first single, played Garfield and won 15-6, 8-15, and 15-10. Alice Perkins, second single, played Garfield and won 15-7, 8-15, and 15-10. Lucille Booth, third single, played Garfield and lost 7-15, and 1-15.

May 9, Sylvia Jokinen and Consuela Martinez played their second game with Edison and lost 3-21, and 5-21. May 11, Verne Perrigo played Edison and lost 2-21, and 2-21. Alice Perkins won 21-17, 7-21, and 21-14. Lucille Booth played and lost 1-21, and 21-14. May 17, Sylvia Jokinen and Consuela Martinez played at Willard. May 18, Verne Perrigo, Alice Perkins, and Lucille Booth, first, second, and third singles, play Willard.
FIELD DAY. Field Day consists of the arm drill, bean porridge, done by all the girls, formal exorcise, and regular field events as follows: jump and reach, standing broad, dash and relay, basket ball for twenty seconds, baseball throw, advisory relay, and interclass volley ball.

The posture parade will be led by the Burbank Band. This program closes the physical education work for the term and winners in the various events qualify for athletic awards.

May 29. LOW SEVEN ART. Each make books with designed pages. A very useful art. Traveling exhibit of great paintings enjoyed every two weeks.
INDOOR TRAFFIC. This was the last meeting held by the squad. There was a discussion concerning those who would get honors at the end of the term for their service, also who would be the Lieutenant, the Chief of Police, and the Court officials for next term.
BURBANK NEWS. Any number of children have originated methods of printing the title. Illustrations of jokes and cartoons have been plentiful, and one Mabel Nutt by Robert Amesbury, and Tommy Tardy by Eleanor Fox paraded their charms for our entertainment. Lylse Hartley and Bryan Ellam have also contributed a great deal of time and effort. The patronage of Burbank pupils has made our "News" what it is, and for its small price, it is very worthwhile.
TYPEWRITING AWARDS. The H9 typing class took the May Woodstock typing awards test. At the end of the fifteen minute writing, the following had qualified: Jean Bell, Thelma Donato, Albert Ghiorso, Vivian Lee and Jean McEvoy for cards of proficiency; Margaret Longwell for the forty word pin. One more chance will be given to win an award. The June test will probably show more additional winners.

June 5. ART. Children take home art work, souvenirs of happy, profitable hours.
BAND MASTER'S MESSAGE. "I have thoroughly enjoyed the term just ending, and hope to enjoy the next term, as well. I regret losing the H9 class, as it will weaken the band and the orchestra."--Martin Hobbs.
MISS FISK SENT TO GARFIELD. The clothing classes had an unusual experined this term, Dr. Smith, Superintendent of Schools, sent our Miss Fisk to Garfield, so Miss Hazel Glasgow of Franklin and Lincoln Elementary Schools, was transferred to us to take her place.
EXPRESS THANKS TO BERKELEY HIGH SCHOOL. The Burbank School wishes to express its gratitude to the High School Print Shop for printing our H9 Wizard pictures.
MANY THANKS TO EDISON JUNIOR HIGH. The Burbank School again is indebted to Mr. Marker of the Edison Print Shop for the printing of the Wizard covers.

H9 HONORS AND AWARDS ASSEMBLY. Those H9 students who were outstanding in scholastic work, or in athletics, or in school service, were presented with honors and awards of merit, at a very impressive assembly held on the last day of the term.

GRADUATION. The Orchestra plays a Processional, as the H9 class enters the assembly in single file. This is followed by an Overture. Two songs are given by the Ninth Grade Graduates. The graduation address is given by Rev. J. Henry Thomas, L. Th., T. R. H. I St. Clements Episcopal Church, Oakland, California.

Mr. Standley presents the graduates and speaks of their accomplishments and contributions to Burbank. The Burbank Orchestra plays the Recessional as the exercises are brought to a close.

TERM CLOSED. Burbank Manufacturing plant--famous manufactures of engineers, accountants, typists, baseball players etcetera, cease work for the summer.

The production staff is quite well satisfied with the high-grade product ready for consignment; and know that it will maintain their high standard for efficiency and do credit to the concern sponsoring them.

BON VOYAGE!

H9Y-1 HONORARY

ARBOR DAY

10B BASKET BALL

OLD IRONSIDES
PRIZE WINNERS
BURBANK
"AMOS"
UN-LIMITED BASKET BALL
JR-HI-Y
MAY DAY
?
MAY DAY AT FRANKLIN
CHAIR HUSTLERS

95 lb.
TEAM
HAND
BALL
H9Y-1
CAST
14th
BIRTHDAY

CHUCKLES

"I'm going out for a little while, and I want you to be good till I come back," said mother.

"I'll be good for a nickel," piped up the youngster.

"Now, see here, Billy, I want you to understand that you can never be a real son of mine unless you are good for nothing!"

Johnny: "What was your sister angry with you about?"
Willie: "She sent me to the drugstore to get some cold cream, and I got ice cream. That was the coldest I could get."

"Has my boy a natural bent in any one direction?" asked the proud parent.

"He has," replied the teacher. "He gives every indication of being a captain of industry some day. He gets the other boys to do his work for him."

She: "Is your wife a butterfly?"
He: "She thinks she is, but the way she goes through my pockets, she's more like a moth."

Father: "I hear you are always at the bottom of the class. Can't you get another place?"
Enrico: "No, all the other places are taken."

Mother: "Why were you kept after school today?"
Buck Jones: "Miss Truman told us to write an essay on "The Results of Laziness", and I handed in a blank sheet of paper."

Teacher: "Johnny, use the words defeat, deduct, defence and detail in a sentence."
Johnny: "Defeat' of 'de-duck' went over ' de-fence' before 'de-tail."

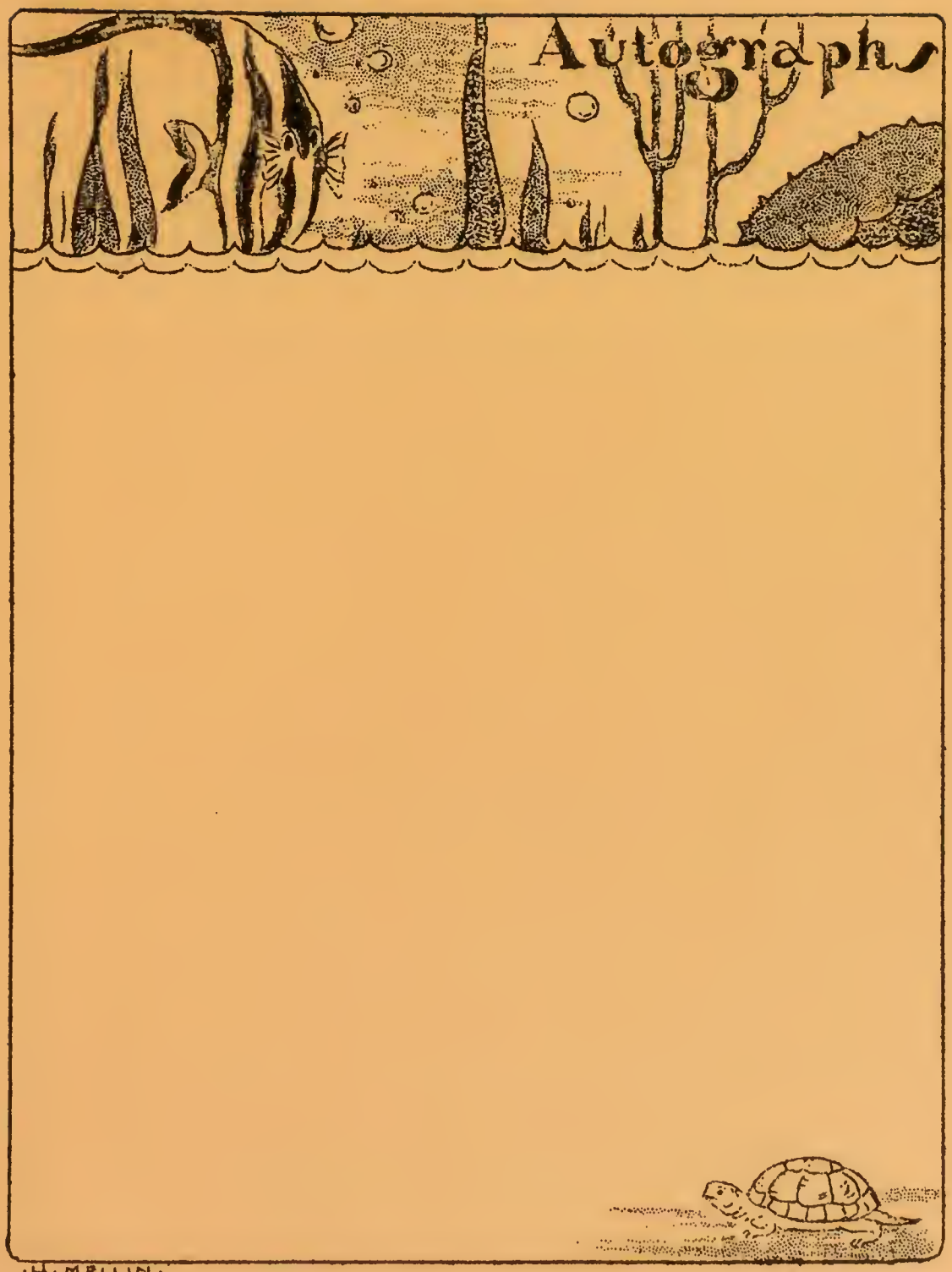
Builder's Foreman: "Excuse me, but are you the lady vot's singing?"
Lady: "Yes, I was singing. Why?"
Foreman: "Well, might I ask you not to hang on that top note so long. The men have knocked off twice already mistaking it for the dinner whistle."

A SILENT PRAYER

Upward and onward,
Time be on your flight.
Please make that bell ring,
Before I recite!

BOOB'S DICTIONARY

Bell--makes students late to class.
Blackboard--a place where teachers write questions on subjects students know nothing about.
Book--an excellent missile.
Chalk--a round, soft, white substance to be stepped on.
Classroom--torture chamber.
Clock--a main object of interest during an examination.
Composition--extract from a blank mind.
Corrider--a place for students to congregate.
Court--the ironing board of behaviorism.
Dictionary--students' last report after a canvall of the faculty.
Desks--an object upon whose surface is carved the names of the students, past and present.
Drinking fountain--a convenient shower bath.
Door--an oblong object attached by hinges at the entrance of each classroom. Also an excellent object by which to vent anger by slamming.
Fountain pen--a small, round tool carried by a students for looks rather than for use.
Graduate--a release.
Library--a place where students amuse themselves by misplacing and disarranging books.
Notebooks--something dreamed of and talked about by teachers but never realized.
Pupils--unfortunate victims.
Pencil Sharpener--a mechanical device for chewing the end off of pencils.
Typewriter--an object upon which piano players can keep in practice.
School yard--a place to throw papers.
Waste basket--a gum receptacle.


Autographs
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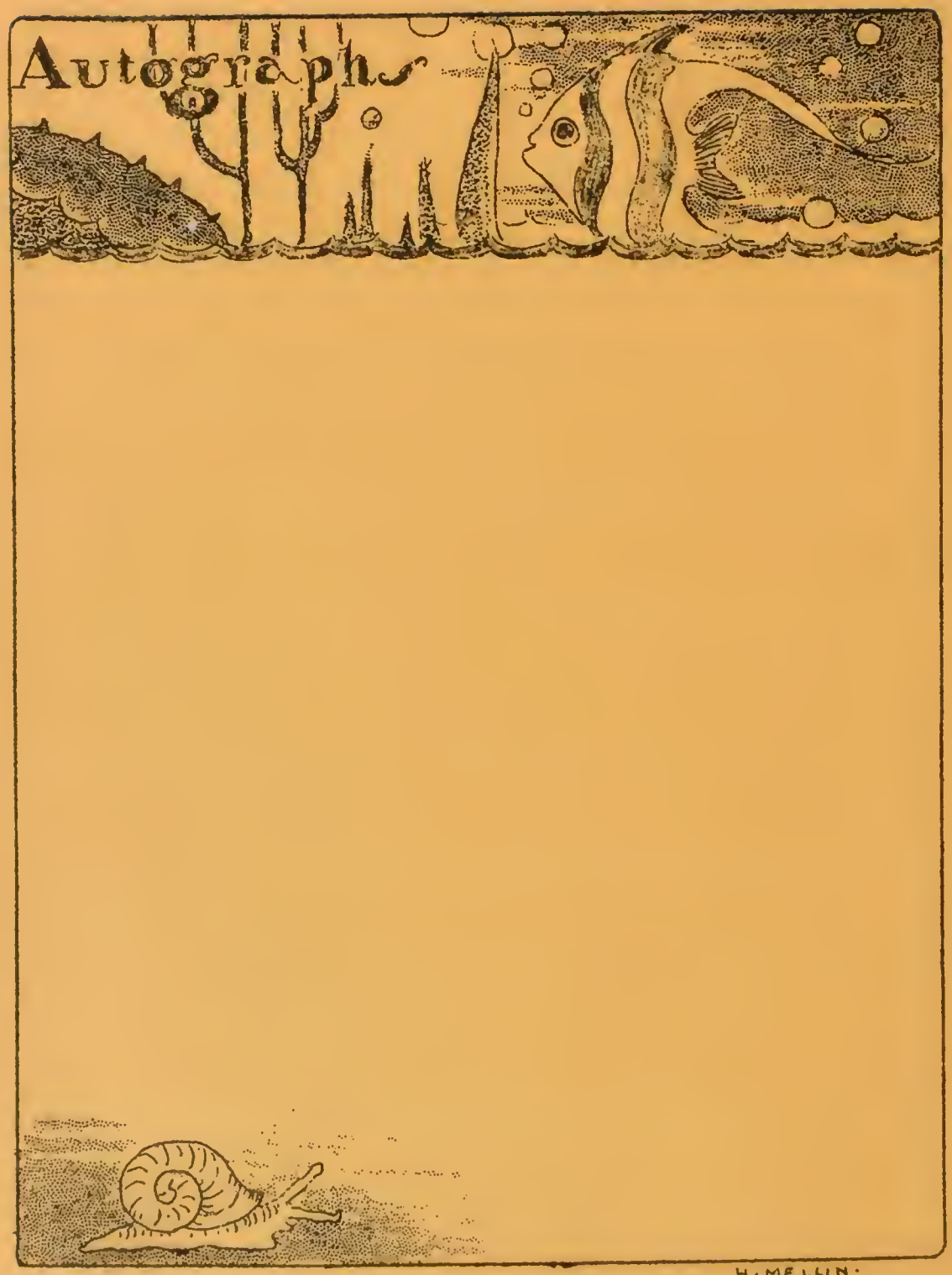
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